

No 8.

AUG-SEPT.

# COOKIE

IND.

10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



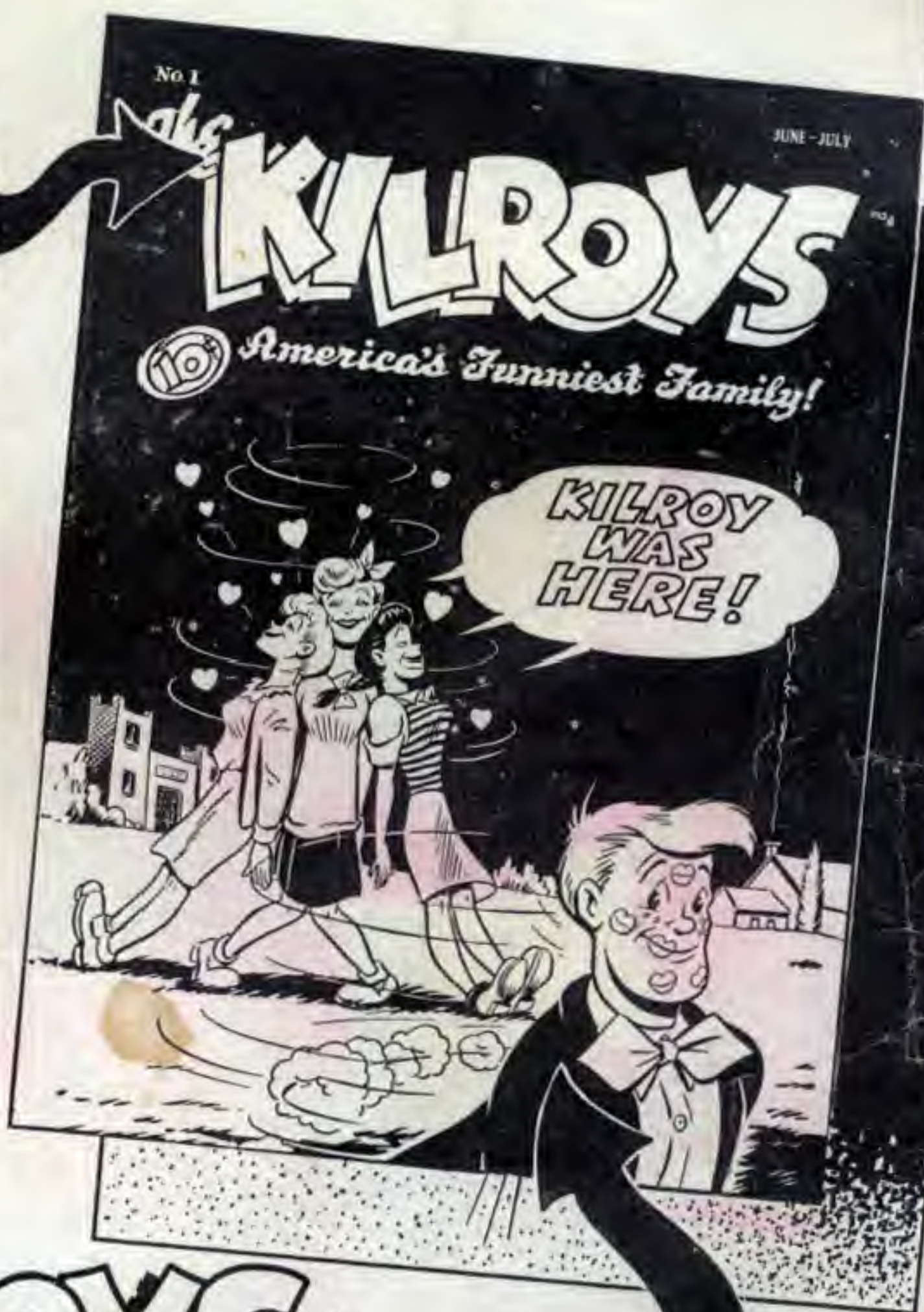
# KILROY @ HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL *NEW*  
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S  
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-  
TURVY!

## *The* KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND  
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-  
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR  
COPY *Now!* LATCH ON TO  
**"NATCH"**, THE TERRIFIC TEEN-  
AGER! MEET **JUDY**, HIS LITTLE  
LOVIN' OVEN... **KATIE**, THE  
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND  
**MOM AND POP KILROY**, IN  
PERSON!

THEY'RE **ALL** ON HAND FOR  
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT  
TO SAY **KILROY WAS  
HERE**, AND **MEAN IT**,



## Read *The* KILROYS

*America's Funniest Family!*



ON ALL  
STANDS

*and*

YOU'D BETTER  
**HURRY!**



**SQUID!**

**SLURP!**

**PSST... ANGELPUSS!** THEM'S  
THE TWO THAT WUZ IN EARLIER,  
ASKIN' DIRECTIONS TO YER  
HOUSE!

**NO  
KIDDING!**

HEAVENS, BOYS... PLEASE  
CEASE THE JIVE! ER... I MEAN  
...TRY TO MAKE LESS DIN! ONE  
HAS TO CONCENTRATE ON  
HER **STUDIES**, DON'TCHA  
KNOW!

?

2.



WOT'S UP,  
ANGEL? YA  
SICK OR  
SUMP'N?

SH-HH, COOKIE! DON'T  
BOTHER ME NOW...  
WAIT TILL THOSE  
PEOPLE LEAVE!



THEY'RE GONE  
NOW! WOT'S IT  
ALL ABOUT,  
ANYWAY?

OH, IT'S  
NOTHING,  
COOKIE...

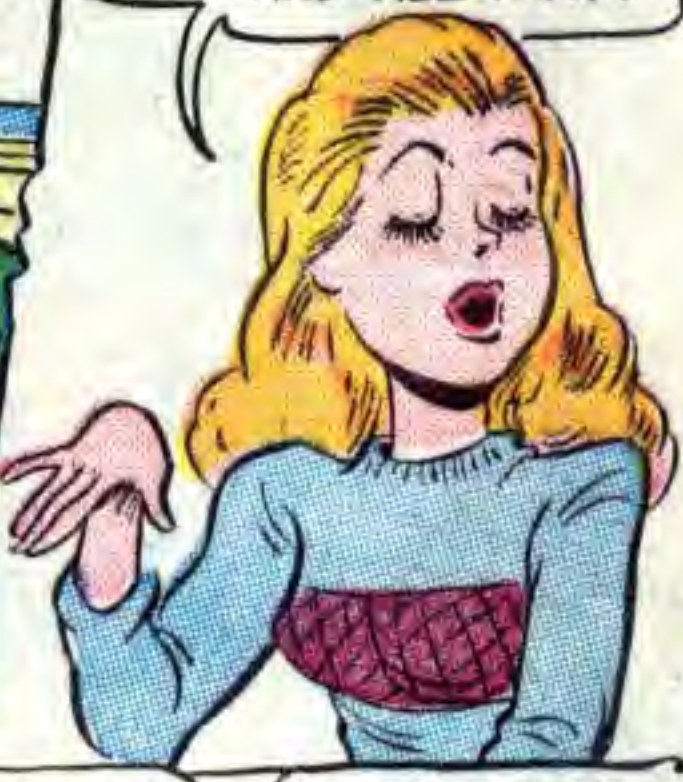


... ONLY MOTHER HAS DECIDED  
THAT MY COMPANIONS AND THE  
ENVIRONMENT IN THIS TOWN  
AREN'T CONDUCTIVE TO MAKING  
A **LADY** OF ME!

SO?

SO SHE'S GOING TO SEND  
ME TO THAT VERY EXCLUSIVE  
**SNIFFYSNOOT SCHOOL!**  
THOSE PEOPLE ARE HERE  
TO INTERVIEW THE FAMILY...  
TO DECIDE WHETHER WE'RE  
THE RIGHT KIND OF FOLKS,  
AND ALL THAT!

YOU...  
YOU  
MEAN  
YER  
**GOIN' AWAY?**



I...I'M  
AFRAID  
SO! I...

WELL, NOW, ISN'T THIS A **COINCIDENCE!**  
FOR SOME TIME NOW, MY FOLKS  
HAVE BEEN WANTIN' ME TA GO  
TA THAT SCHOOL TOO! AN' NOW,  
NEEDLESS TA SAY... **I'M GOIN'!**  
**WOW!**

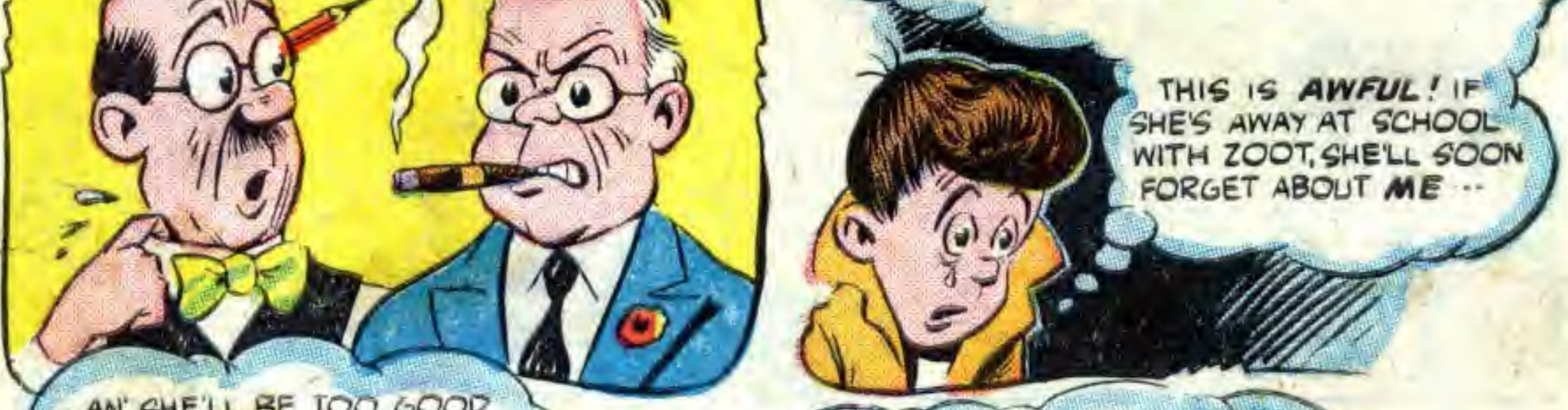
IN THAT CASE, I'M GOIN' TOO!  
I'LL JUST DROP OVER TA POP'S  
OFFICE AN' HAVE A LITTLE MAN-  
TA-MAN CHAT! .... TUM-DE-DUM...



OH, YOU  
ARE, ARE  
YOU?











NO, NO, I KEEP TELLIN' MYSELF! I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN TA HER!

?

BEEP. BEEP!

BEEP! BEEP!



JITTERBUCK, OL' PAL... YA GOTTA HELP ME!

HUH?



WE GOTTA DO SUMP'N TA KEEP ANGEL FROM GOIN' TA THAT SCHOOL! I DON'T WANT HER TA BECOME A LADY...SHE'D BE OUTA MY CLASS! SHE...



YEAH, I SEE WOTCHA MEAN!



LOOK, AS I UNDERSTAND IT... THAT DAME AN' GUY WE SAW REPRESENT THE SCHOOL BOARD...AN' HAVE COME HERE TA SEE WHETHER HER FAMILY IS SWANKY ENOUGH FOR HER TA GO TA THEIR SCHOOL! CHECK?

CHECK! AN' THERE'S NO DOUBT THEY'LL OKAY 'EM... THEY GOT DOUGH AN'...



SURE...THEY GOT WOT IT TAKES, ALL RIGHT! BUT SUPPOSE MRS. WITHERSPOON DECIDED THAT THE SCHOOL WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER DAUGHTER?

I DON'T GET IT!



NO? WELL, YOU REMEMBER WOT THOSE TWO FROM THE SCHOOL LOOKED LIKE! LISTEN! WE'LL DISGUISE OURSELVES TA LOOK LIKE THEM AN'...BZZ...BZZZ...

WELL, C'MON! WOT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?





Later... MODDOM INSISTS THAT YOU PUT YOUR SHOES ON, SIR!

AW, MAW... DO I HAVE TO?

YOU KNOW VERY WELL THOSE SCHOOL AUTHORITIES ARE COMING TONIGHT... AND I WANT YOU TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

AH, WHY CAN'T OUR DAUGHTER GO TO A REGULAR HIGH SCHOOL... LIKE ANYONE ELSE? I DON'T WANT A SNOB IN THE FAMILY!

SH-HHH! HERE THEY COME NOW!



GOOD EVENING! IS MRS. DRIBBLESPOON AT HOME?

THE NAME IS WITHERSPOON, MODDOM! COME RIGHT IN!

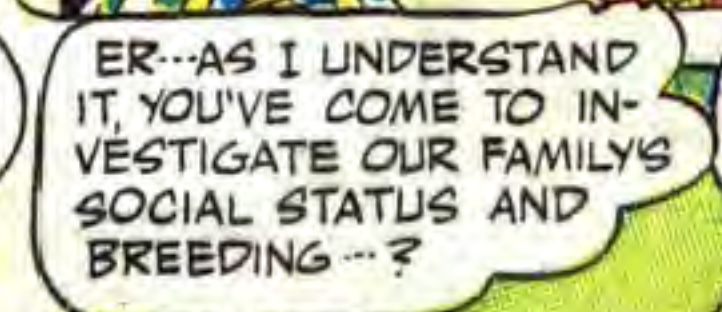
HIYA, WITHERPUSS, OL' GAL!

ER...AH... DELIGHTED, I'M SURE, MISS... ER...



JUST CALL HER SADIE... AN' I'M SAM! WE'RE A COUPLA ROOT-TOOT. TOOTERIN' TUTORS! GET IT?

OH...ER...MY, YES! ER...HOW CHARMING!



ER...AS I UNDERSTAND IT, YOU'VE COME TO INVESTIGATE OUR FAMILY'S SOCIAL STATUS AND BREEDING...?

THAT'S IT, BABE! HAVE YA GOT YER PEDIGREE PAPERS?

SCRAM, KID! WE'LL LOOK YOU OVER LATER!





PEDIGREE PAPERS? WHY NO...OF COURSE WE HAVEN'T! I...

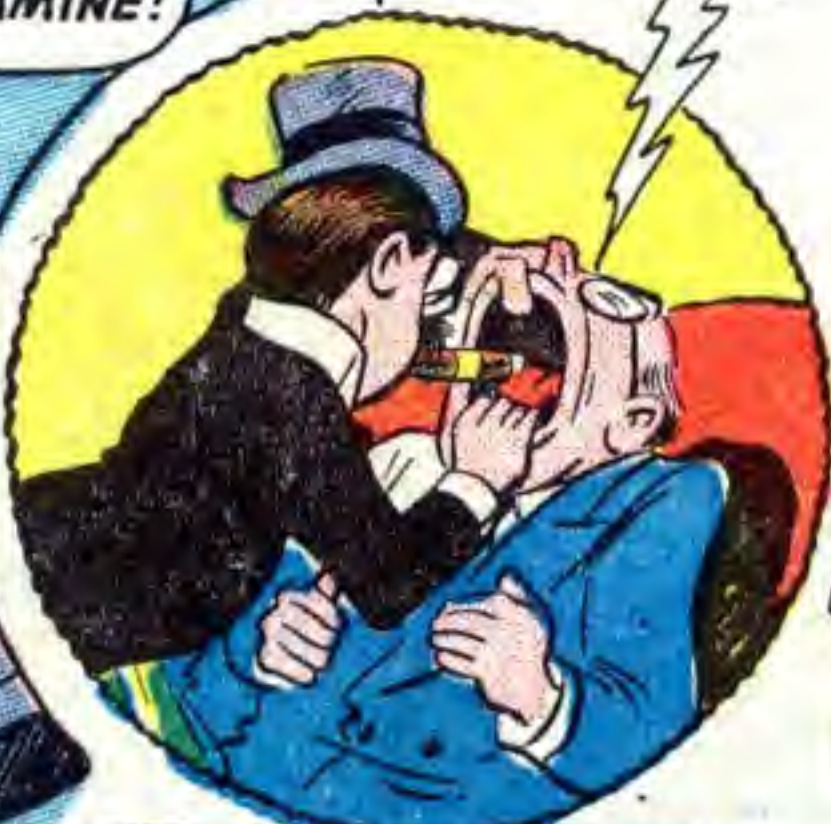
THAT'S ENOUGH, SISTER! IN THAT CASE...WE EXAMINE!

SAY "AH!" GRAN'PA!

WHY, YOU...  
ARRGH!

TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE!

YOU...TURN AROUND!...TCH, TCH! I WOULDN'T SAY THE OL' LADY WUZ IN SUCH HOT SHAPE EITHER!



BAD POSTURE, EH? WELL, WE'VE A LITTLE REMEDY FOR THAT! YESSIR...

BLAP!

OH!



NOW WALK!

B-BUT...



POOR REFLEXES! MY, MY!

HEY, JUST A MINUTE! WHAT GOES ON?

NOW, NOW, POP...THE SCHOOL WON'T STAND FOR ANY EMOTIONAL DISPLAY!

PUT DOWN "A NASTY TEMPER" FOR THE OLD GENT!

BLUB!

ROGER!







PSST...JIT!  
DON'TCHA THINK  
WE'RE **OVERDOIN'**  
THIS ACT A  
LITTLE?

LOOK, COOKIE - WE  
REALLY GOTTA POUR  
IT ON TA CONVINCE  
HER MOM THAT THIS  
SCHOOL AIN'T FOR  
ANGELPUSS!  
C'MON!

AHEM! IN CHECKIN' OUR  
NOTES, WE FIND YOUSE  
ARE JUST THE **PEACHIEST**  
COUPLE! OF COURSE,  
THERE'S THE QUESTION  
OF **FINANCES**...ER.

OH, I'VE GOT MONEY!  
BUT FROM THE LOOKS  
OF THINGS, I DON'T  
THINK MY DAUGHTER  
WOULD LEARN ANY-  
THING AT **YOUR**  
SCHOOL!

OH, TUT-TUT...THAT'S  
WHERE YER **WRONG!**  
WHY, WE TEACH ASTRONOMY,  
GEOLOGY, ZOOLOGY, HISTORY  
...OH, YES! TELL 'EM ABOUT  
OUR **HISTORY** METHODS,  
SADIE!

**RIGHT!** YOU KNOW  
THAT PART ABOUT  
WASHINGTON CROSSIN'  
THE DELAWARE TA GET  
WHERE HE'S GOIN'?  
WELL, WE'VE **CHANGED**  
THAT!

YOU  
**HAVE?**

**SURE!** WHO  
WANTS TA  
CROSS A RIVER  
AN' WIND UP IN  
**NEW JOISEY?**  
HUH, SADIE?

**OF COURSE!**  
NOW WE HAVE  
HIM CROSSIN'  
**PARK AVENUE**  
...ADDS **CLASS**,  
Y'KNOW!



**DOE!**



**WHY,  
YOU...  
SPLUT!**

TSK, TSK!  
**TEMPER  
AGAIN!**

**SPLASH!**



HERE, FLUNKY - FILL  
THIS! BUT PLEASE  
**OMIT FLOWERS!**

YES,  
**MODDOM!**





SO HELP  
ME, I'LL...

THROCKMORTON  
... PLEASE!

C'MON, JIT... LET'S  
SCRAM BEFORE  
THEY GET WISE!

JUST A MINUTE,  
COOK... I WANNA  
CLINCH IT!

ER... AH... HAS  
MADAM CHANGED  
HER MIND ABOUT  
SENDIN' HER DAUGHTER  
TO OUR WONDERFUL  
SCHOOL?

WELL, NOW  
... ER... WHY  
DO YOU ASK?

WELL, NOW, I WUZ JUST THINKIN'  
... IF YOUR DAUGHTER HAS INHERITED  
ANY OF HER FATHER'S NASTY TEMPER,  
WE'D HAFTA CONCENTRATE ON  
TEACHIN' HER A **SENSE OF  
HUMOR!** SEE?

YOU  
**WOULD?**



OH, YAS! KEEPIN' ONE'S TEMPER  
AT A SOCIAL GATHERIN' IS **QUITE**  
IMPORTANT, Y'KNOW! NOW JUST  
SUPPOSE ... ER...

YES, YES  
... **GO ON!**

WELL, JUST SUPPOSE SHE WUZ AT A **VERY**  
SWANKY AFFAIR... AN' SOME DUKE OR  
SOMEBODY WANTED TA PLAY A PRACTICAL  
JOKE ON HER... LIKE **THE OL' ONE-TWO**  
... HEY, SAMMY?

I  
**GET**  
**IT!**





A TRICK LIKE  
THIS, F'RINSTANCE!

HEY!

SEE? A PERSON  
WITHOUT OUR  
TRAININ' LOSES  
HIS TEMPER...

LET'S  
GO,  
JIT!

GR-RRRRR!

COME BACK HERE,  
YOU...YOU...I'VE  
GOT SOMETHING  
TO TEACH  
YOU!

I THINK  
THEY'RE  
CONVINCED  
NOW,  
COOKIE!

OH-OH! HERE  
COME THE REAL  
SCHOOL  
PEOPLE!

J-JEEPERS!

BUT JIT...  
THEY'LL QUEER  
US!

DUCK BACK  
AN' WATCH, KID!  
OL' MAN WITHERSPOON'S  
IN NO MOOD FOR  
TALKIN' IT OVER!

AHA!  
GOTCHA!

I BEG YOUR PARDON!  
YOU SEE, WE'RE FROM  
THE **SNIFFYSHOOT**  
SCHOOL, AND...

SCREECH!



WELL, THIS IS FROM A SCHOOL TOO... THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS!

BONK!

HELP!

POLICE!

WOT THE...!

HEY, WHERE D'YA THINK YEZ ARE ...IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN?

OFFICER, ARREST THIS MAN!

BUT I'M THROCKMORTON WITHERSPOON ...AND THOSE TWO...

I'M SORRY, SIR... BUT THE GOOD BOOK SEZ YA CAN'T SMACK FOLKS AROUND! C'MON!

OH!

HULLY GEE, COOKIE ...HE'S ARRESTIN' ANGELPUSS'S OL' MAN!

AN' IF SHE EVER HEARS ABOUT THIS, I'M SUNK! I GOTTA DO SUMP'N ...I CAN'T JUST STAND HERE!

HEY, COPPER... I MEAN, OFFICER! WAIT A MINUTE! IT WUZ ALL MY FAULT!

?

COOKIE O'TOOLE!



WHEN THE STORY IS TOLD...

YA SURE ALL  
THAT'S THE  
TRUTH, SONNY?

YESSIR! I... I JUST COULDN'T  
SEE THAT SLICK CHICK... I  
MEAN, SWEET GIRL... TURN  
OUT TA BE A **SNOB!**

WELL, MR. WITHERSPOON  
...WODDEYA SAY? YA  
WANNA PREFER CHARGES  
AGAINST 'IM?

DO I...!  
PUT HIM  
AWAY!

C'MON, SON... I'LL HAFTA  
TURN YA IN! BUT DON'T  
WORRY... YA'LL BE SEEIN'  
YER SLICK LI'L CHICK  
SOON AGAIN!

?

ER... OFFICER! YOU MEAN  
THEY WON'T GIVE THIS  
YOUNG SCAMP A LONG  
TERM?

NOTHIN' *THAT* BAD,  
SIR! THEY'LL PROBABLY  
JUST SCOLD 'IM AN'  
TURN 'IM LOOSE!



BUT I'D COUNTED ON A  
LONG... ER... I MEAN, LET'S  
FORGET THE WHOLE THING!  
I LOST MY TEMPER... THAT'S  
IT! LET'S GO, COOKIE!

?

YES, SON... WHEN I REALIZED THAT YOU DID ALL  
THIS FOR MY DAUGHTER, I SAID TO MYSELF,  
I SAID: WITHERSPOON, WHAT THIS BOY DESERVES  
IS A **REWARD** INSTEAD OF PUNISHMENT! YESSIR,  
A REWARD! I'LL SPEAK TO YOUR FATHER  
ABOUT IT TOMORROW!

GEE,  
THANK  
YOU, SIR!  
G'NITE!





Next day...

BUT ANGEL...MY PARENTS MADE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS TA SEND ME TA THE **SNIFFYSNOOT SCHOOL** BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOIN'! HOW'LL I GET OUT OF IT?

I DON'T KNOW, ZOOT! IN MY CASE, MY PARENTS JUST CHANGED THEIR MINDS...THAT'S ALL!

HEY, COOKIE! SON, HAVE I GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU!

HIYA, POP!

HAW-HAW! IS THAT ONE ON YOU, ZOOT!

MR. WITHERSPOON GAVE ME A RAISE AND **INSISTS** THAT I SEND YOU TO THAT SCHOOL YOU WANTED TO GO TO! WASN'T THAT **SWELL** OF HIM?

YESSIR, SON...YOU DESERVE A **REWARD**...ETC...

BUT POP! W-WAIT!

LATER, SON! IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE SCHOOL AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS! **G'BYE NOW!**

YEAH...

JIT... I CAN'T GO! WOT AM I GONNA DO?

WOT DO YOU THINK?... **COME ON!**

YEAH--WE'LL HAFTA, I GUESS...

POOR POP!

**THE END!**



# CINDY

YA, KITTY, IT WAS TH' DROOLIEST OUTFIT! YA! SHE WENT TO THE CLAM BAKE WITH BRISTLE BEAN - YA! WELL - SHE'S SIXTEEN, NOT TWELVE LIKE US! - YA! - AN' THEY PLAYED THE LATEST HOT CAKES!

BOB WICK

HRRUMMPH!! MORE OF THAT "JIVE" TALK!



-- AND DID THEY EVER JUMP! YEP, MY SIS TOOK ME, 'CAUSE BRISTLE BEAN'S GOT A KID BROTHER! YA, WE HAD ONE HOP. OH-- HE'S A MEATFEET!

FOR PETE'S SAKE!

YEP! BY TH' WAY, LOOK IN YOUR MESS KIT AN' SEE IF YOU'VE GOT BEA'S NUMBER! I WANTA BUZZ HER ON TH' AMECHE!

DROOLY! MEATFEET! HOT CAKES! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE!

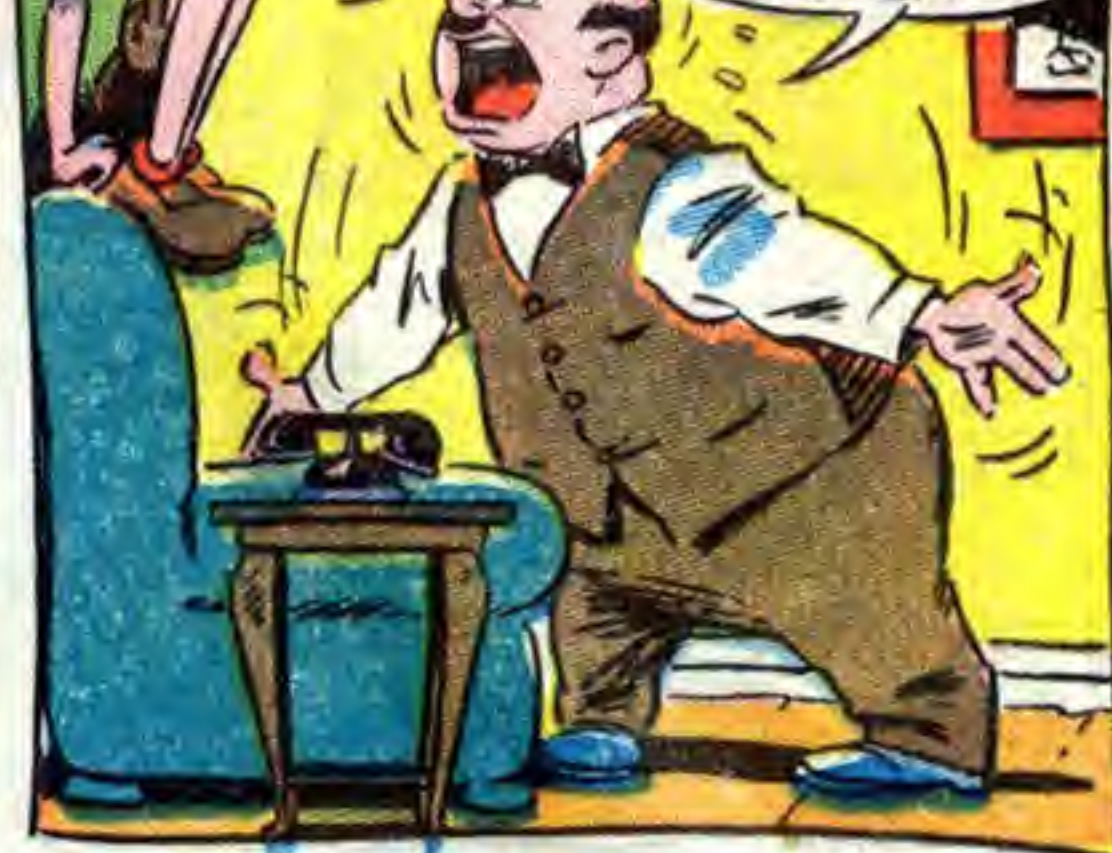




CINDY O'RELLA! HANG  
THAT RECEIVER UP THIS  
INSTANT! I WOULD HAVE  
A WORD WITH YOU!

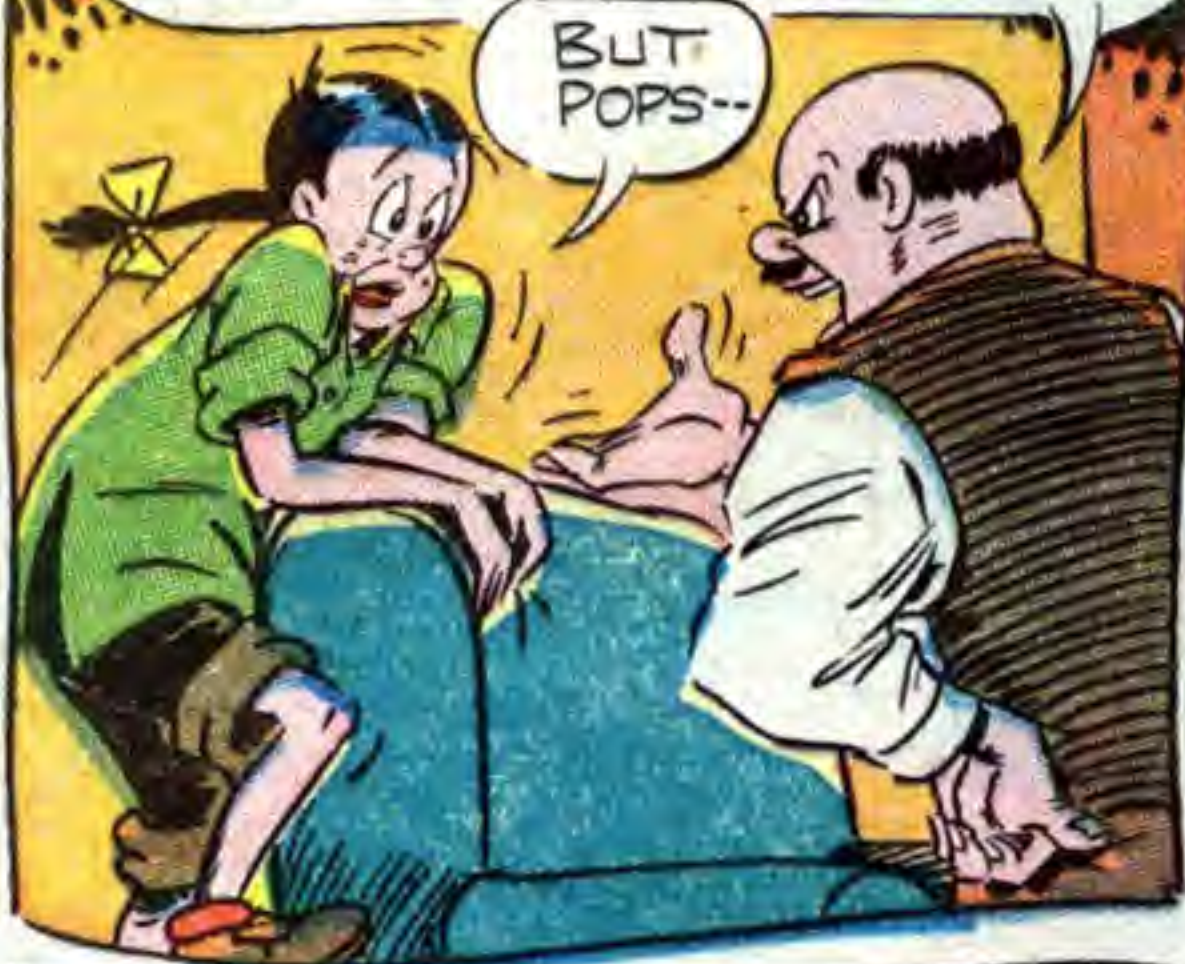


LISTEN TO ME, YOUNG  
LADY, I'VE HEARD JUST  
ABOUT ALL THE SILLY,  
IDIOTIC JIVE TALK I'M  
GOING TO  
LISTEN TO--

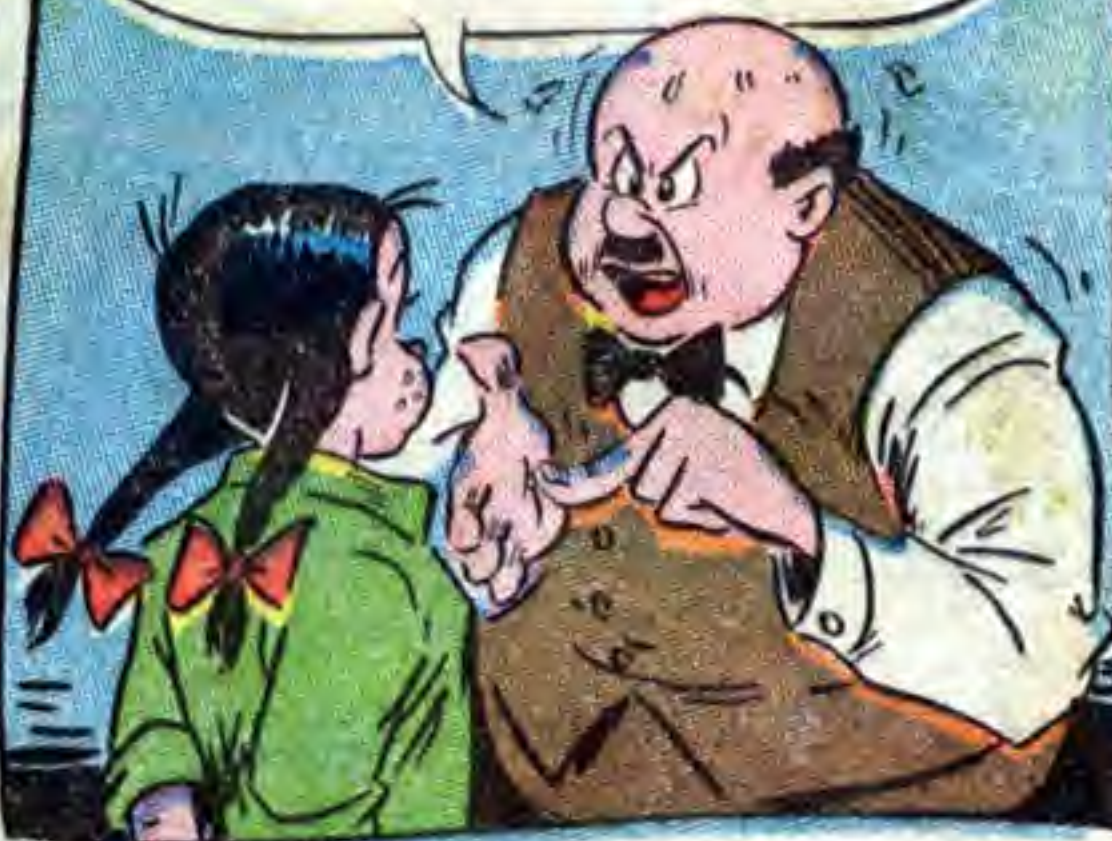


NIGHT AFTER NIGHT! THE SAME  
YACKETY-YACKETY ROUTINE WITH  
THAT KITTY CHARACTER!

BUT  
POPS--



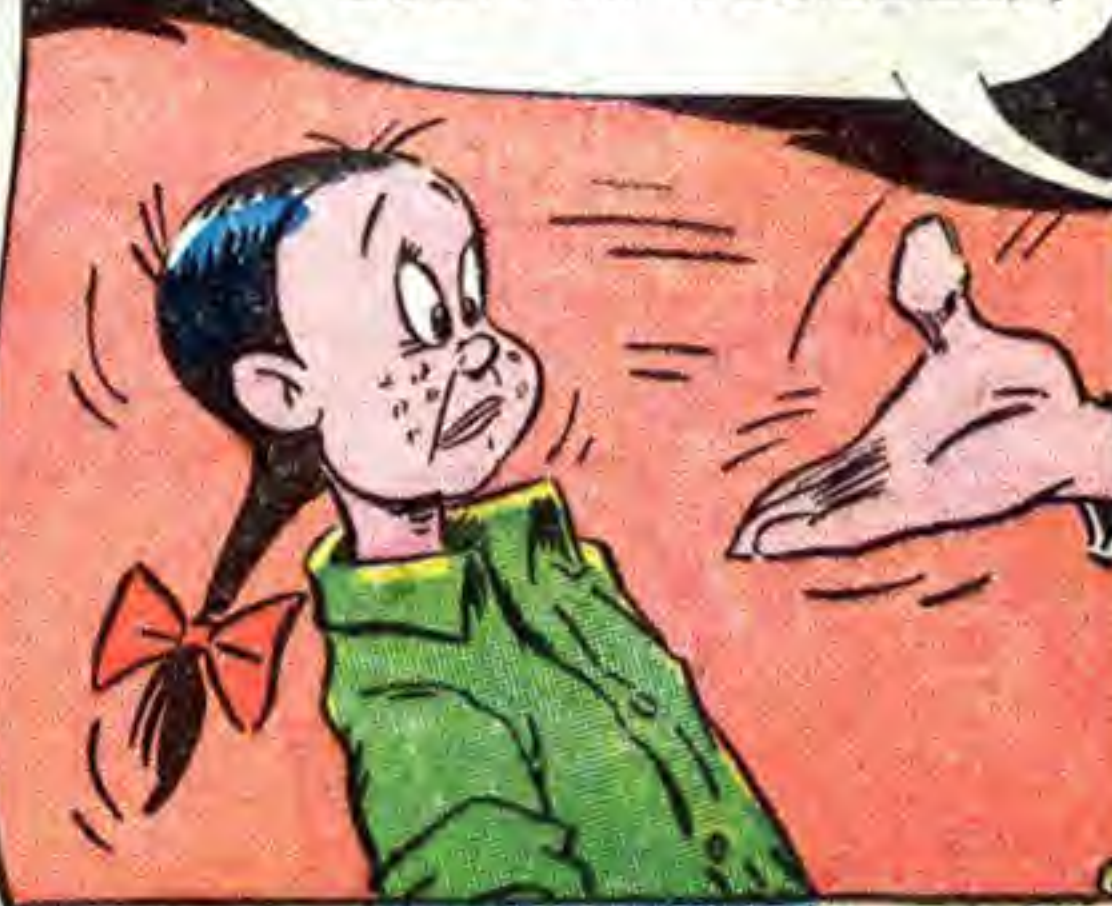
DON'T "BUT POPS" ME --!  
FURTHERMORE, YOU'RE A  
YOUNG LADY NOW, NOT  
A CHILD ---



YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE  
TO START THINKING LIKE  
AN ADULT -- DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND??

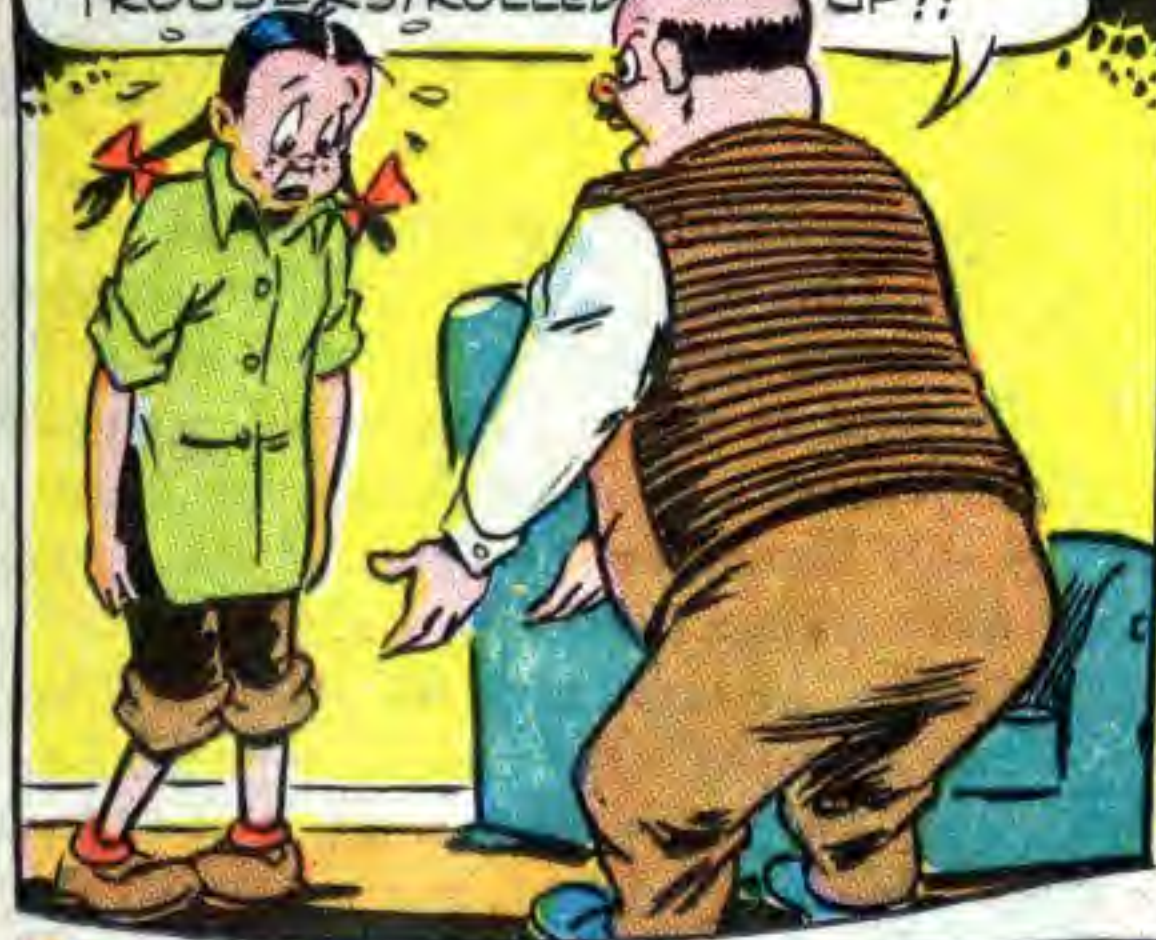


NO MORE SILLY  
JIVE TALK! NO MORE  
SILLY COSTUMES!  
LOOK AT YOURSELF!





-- A BROKEN-DOWN, BATTERED SHIRT I THREW AWAY LAST YEAR -- WITH SHIRT TAILS OUT YET! A PAIR OF BOYS' TROUSERS, ROLLED UP!!



-- AND THOSE PIGTAILS AND BOBBY SOCKS! IT'S THE SILLIEST COSTUME ANY GENERATION EVER WORE! NOW GET UPSTAIRS AND PUT ON A DRESS!





# Jitterbuck. MAGICIAN!

"JITTERBUCK JONES, you march straight to school!" Mrs. Jones shouted up the stairs.

"In a minute, mom," Jit mumbled, scarcely hearing her. He was sprawled out on the floor of his room, making magic. That's right! Jit was the owner of a brand-new magic set, and he couldn't tear himself away from the little coils of wire, the disappearing coins and the special fortune-telling cards.

"Boy, wait'll the gang at the Soda Jerkerie get a load of *this!*" he said, pulling some colored kerchiefs through a small ring. "Right after school, I'll give 'em a special performance . . . *Jitterbuck Jones, Magician!*"

"I'll magic you with a hairbrush if you don't get to school right this minute!" his mother spoke from the doorway this time. "You'll be late for your English exam!"

"*The exam!*" Jit yelled. Willikens! I almost forgot! S'long, mom, be back in time for dinner! Cramming his magic tricks into his pockets, Jit whizzed out of the house like a boy imitating a streak of lightning.

Breathless, he slid into his chair in the classroom just in time to hear the first exam question. "Whew!" breathed Jit. "Made

it! Good thing I studied for this test last night."

Question followed question, but Jit wasn't worried. This time, he knew all the answers, and he wrote rapidly, confidently. He could hardly wait to finish, so he could get down to the Jerkerie and show Angelpuss, Cookie, Hep and Downbeat his feats of magic. He was even willing to include Zoot!

Hastily, he attacked the final problem. "What a cinch!" he smiled, scratching his pen over the paper as fast as it would go. There! He had finished, and a fine job, too!

Jit rose, put his exam paper on the teacher's desk and smiled at Miss Pringle, feeling that she would be astonished when she came to marking his paper.

"Is it all right if I leave now, Miss Pringle?" he asked, whispering in order not to disturb his slower classmates. "I've finished."

"Certainly, Jitterbuck," answered Miss Pringle kindly. "Run right along. I must say you . . . wait! Stop!"

Jitterbuck, half-way out the door, looked back, and was surprised to see Miss Pringle looking angrier than he had ever seen her.

"Yes, ma'am?" he asked, coming back reluctantly. "I hope this won't take long, because I gotta date at the Soda Jerkerie with the gang and I wanna show 'em my magic stuff and . . ."

"You're not going *anyplace!*" Miss Pringle barked. "You're going to sit right down and take your English examination . . . properly!"

"But . . . but . . . Miss Pringle!" Jit blurted. "I just . . ."

"What do you *mean* by handing me these *blank sheets of paper?*" Miss Pringle demanded.

"Blank? *Blank?*" Jit squeaked. "Why, that's *impossible!* I . . ." Then he stopped short, for at that moment, Jitterbuck Jones realized that it was entirely possible.

Yes . . . entirely possible for him to have reached into his magic-laden pockets, and drawn out a pen filled with . . . *disappearing ink!*

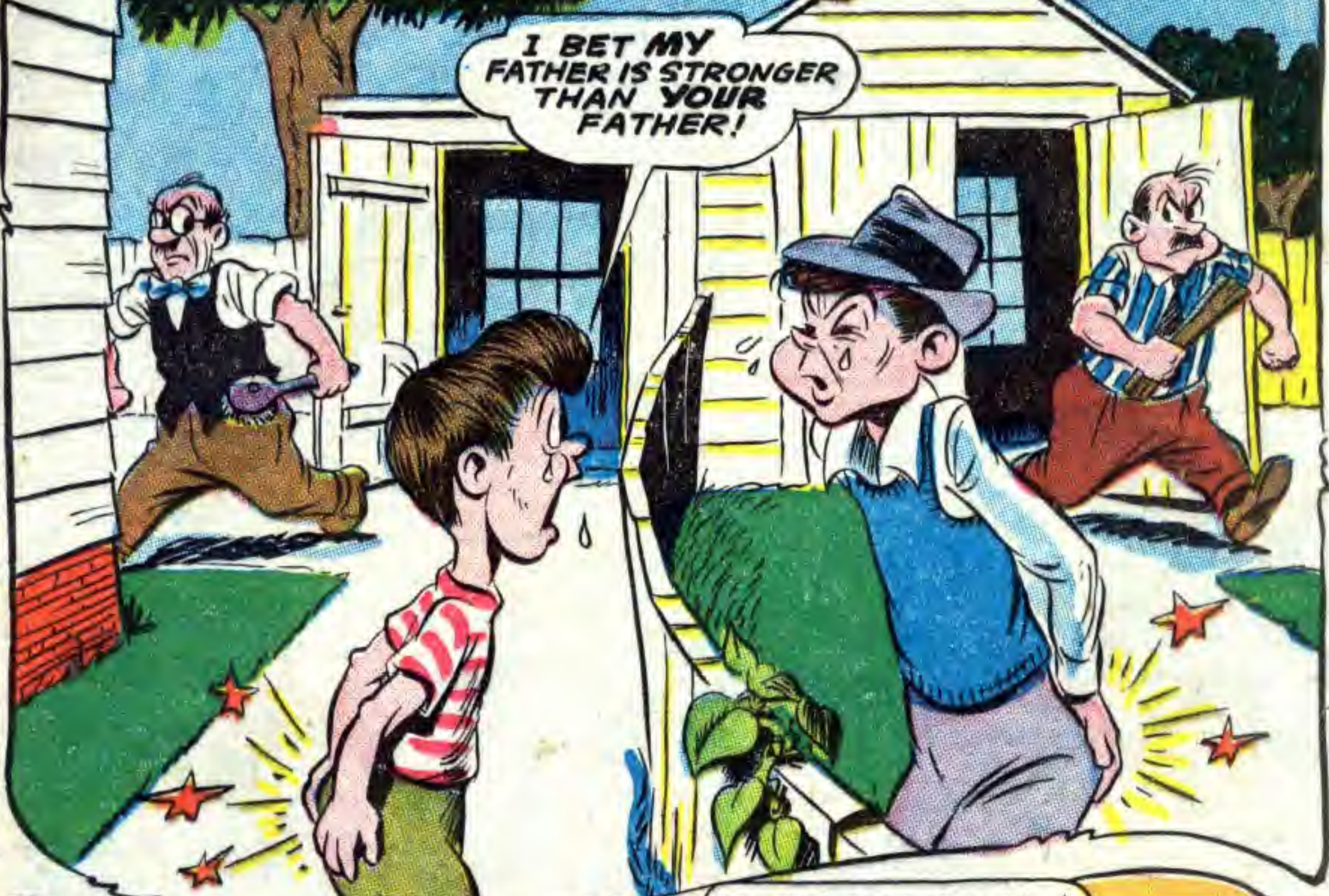




# "COOKIE"

dangdangdang

I BET MY FATHER IS STRONGER THAN YOUR FATHER!

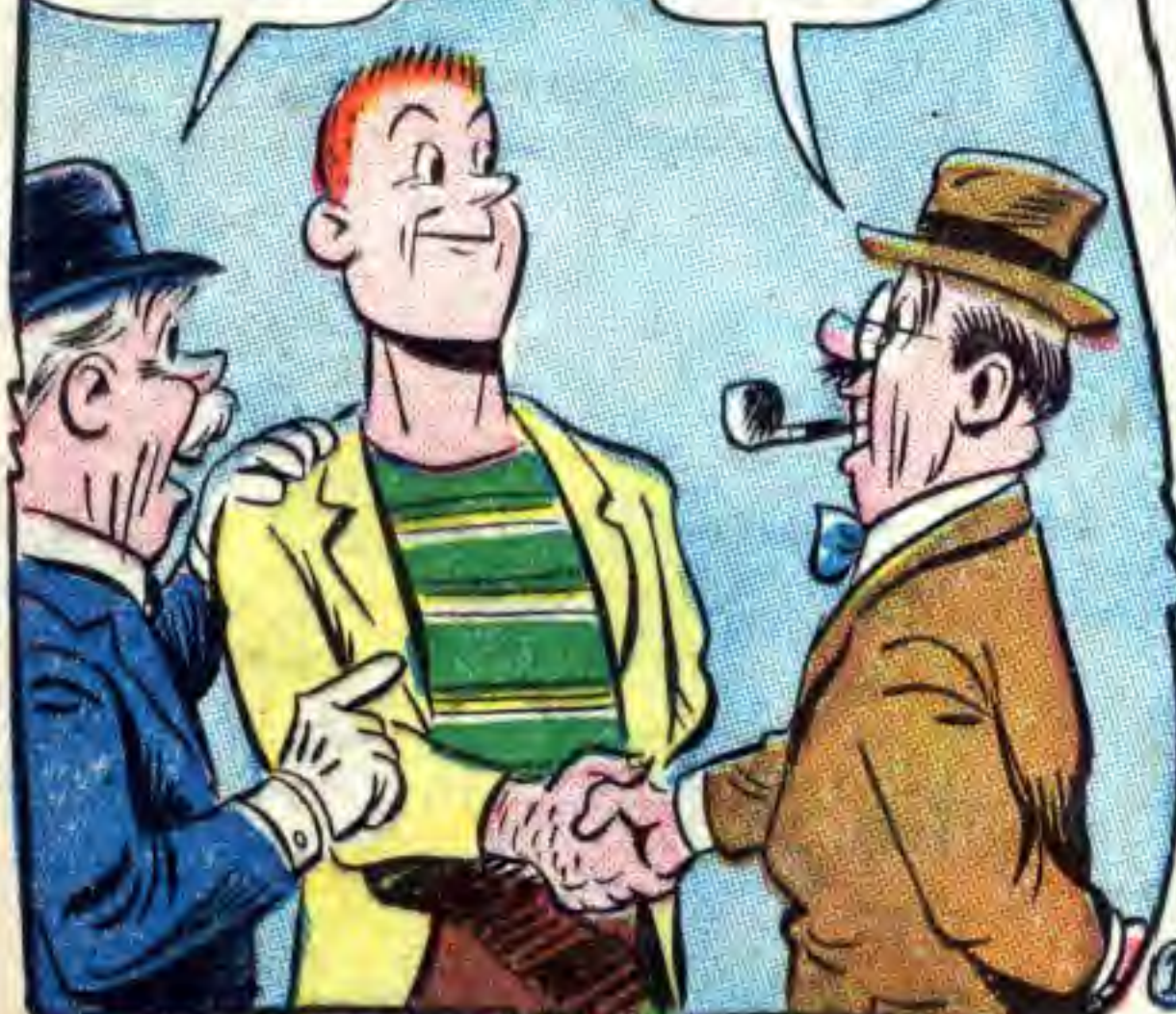


YES SIR, O'TOOLE... I SURE AM PROUD OF MY BOY HERE! YES SIR!

YOU **SHOULD** BE, FROBISHER... HE'S A FINE-LOOKING FELLOW!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! HE SWIMS...DIVES...RUNS...PLAYS BALL...BUT THEN I SUPPOSE **YOUR** BOY IS QUITE AN ATHLETE TOO! **RIGHT?**

WHY...ER... AH...WHY,YES! **YES!OF COURSE! QUITE AN ATHLETE! QUITE!**







WELL, NICE TALKING TO YOU, O'TOOLE! WE'VE GOT TO BE ON OUR WAY -- BUT I'D LIKE TO MEET THAT BOY OF YOURS SOMETIME!

WHY YES, OF...

HIYA, POP!



HERE'S COOKIE NOW! HE... BLUB!

OOPS!

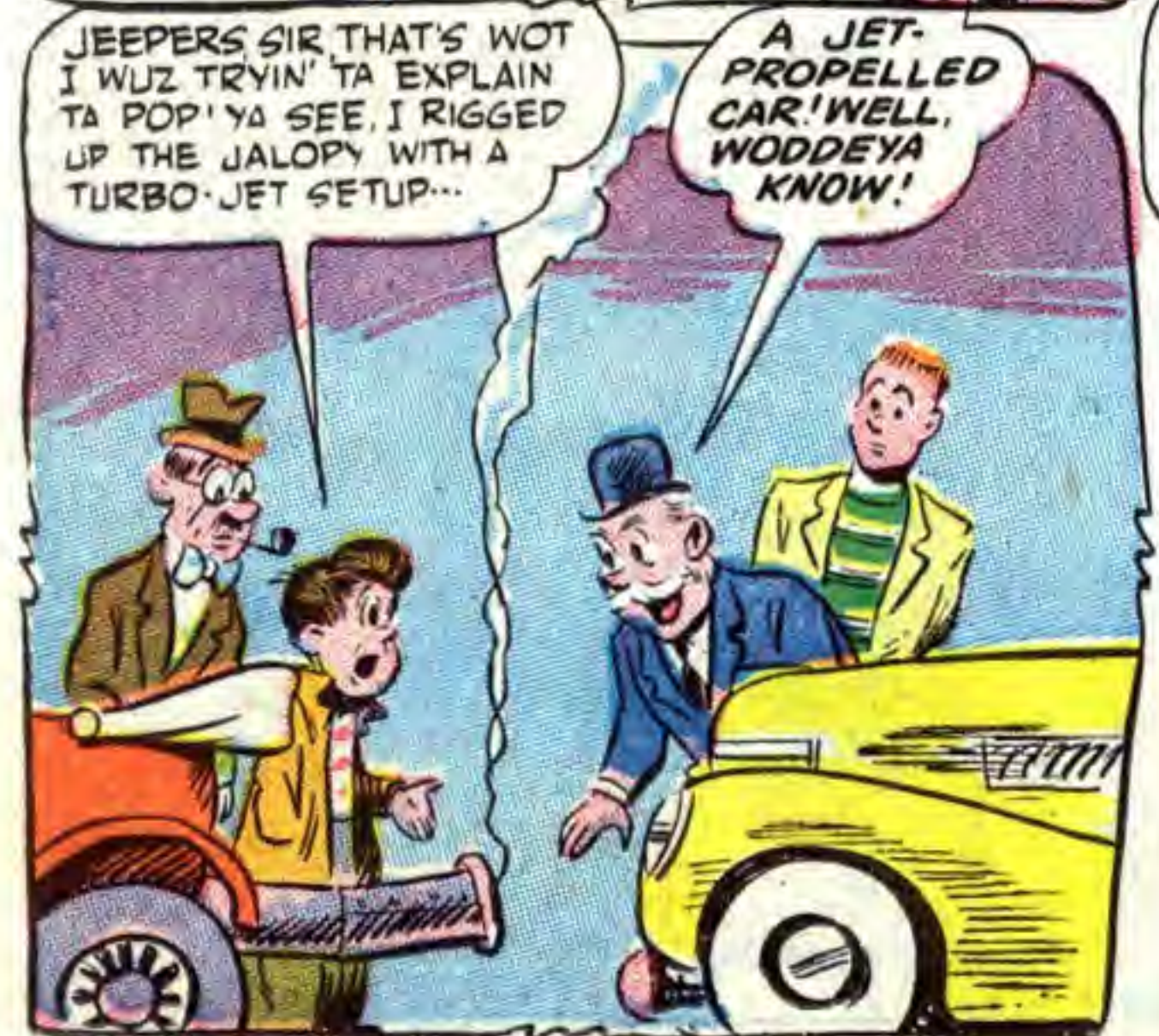


GR-RRR!

GEE, POP I'M AWFUL SORRY! YA SEE, I'M TRYIN' OUT...

OH-HHH! SOME FATHERS GET ATHLETES FOR SONS ... BUT WHAT DO I GET? I ASK YOU. WHAT...

OH, COME, COME, O'TOOLE, WE CAN'T ALL HAVE... HEY, SON! WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR CAR?



JEEPERS SIR, THAT'S WOT I WUZ TRYIN' TA EXPLAIN TA POP! YA SEE, I RIGGED UP THE JALOPY WITH A TURBO-JET SETUP...

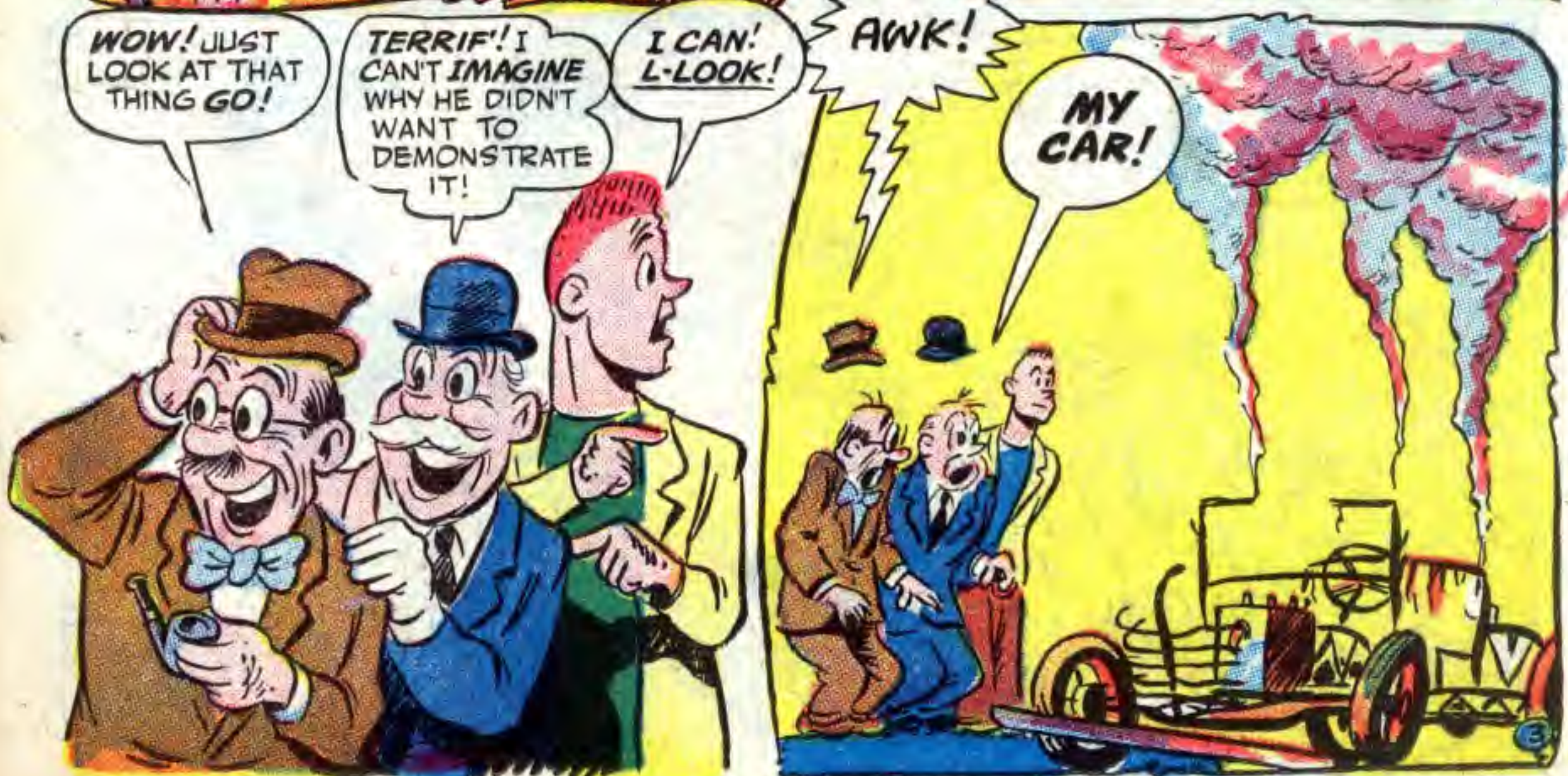
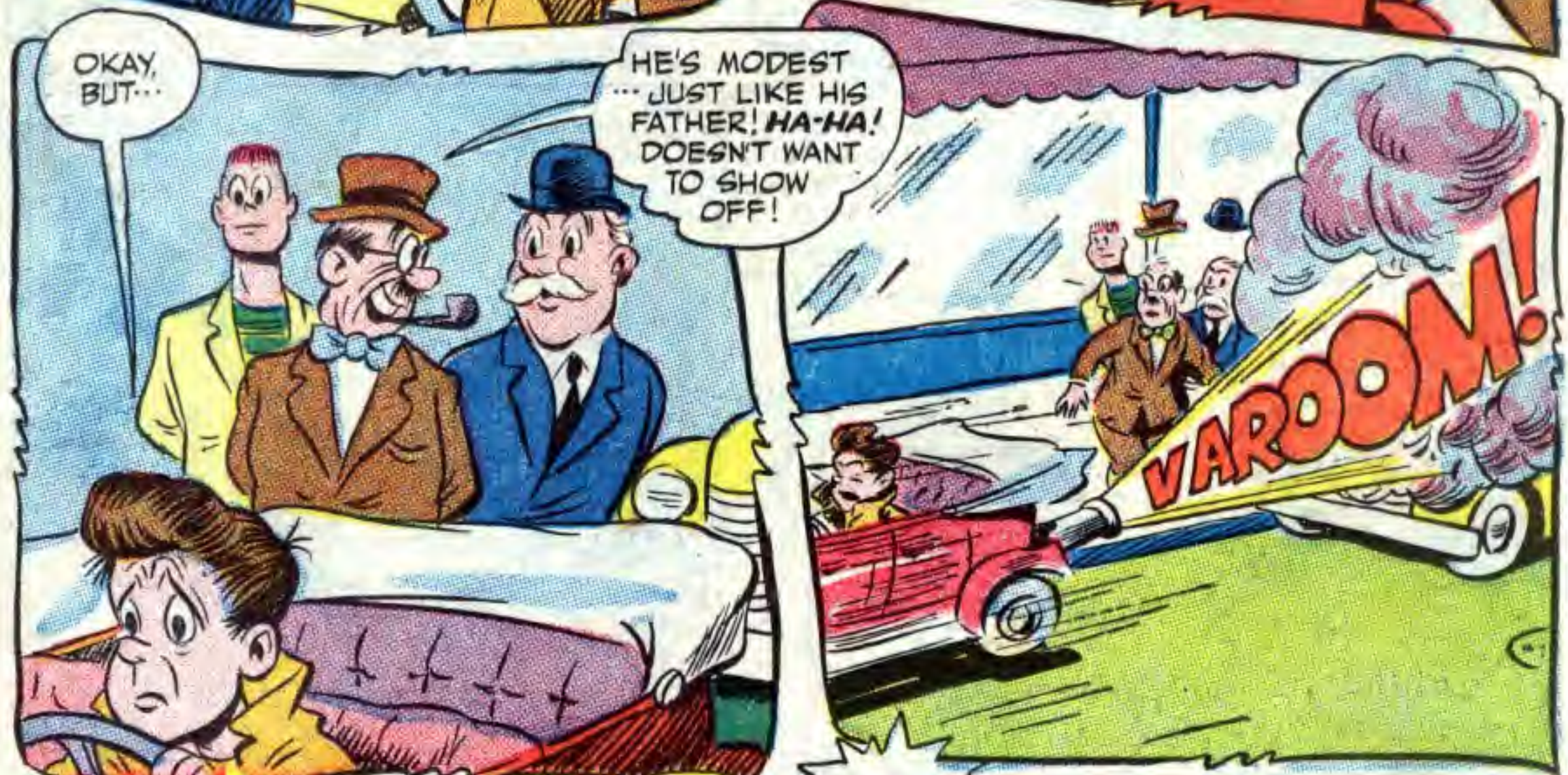
A JET-PROPELLED CAR! WELL, WODDEYA KNOW!

O'TOOLE, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU... NOT RECOGNIZING GENIUS IN YOUR OWN FAMILY! WHY, YOU OUGHT TO BE PROUD OF COOKIE!

OH... ER... I AM! YES ... BUT OF COURSE...









I KNEW I'D FIND YOU HERE! OPEN THAT DOOR, YOU...

BUT POP... I TRIED TO EXPLAIN! YA JUST WOULDN'T LISTEN!

NOW, NOW, POP... TAKE IT EASY! REMEMBER YOU HAVE THOSE MEN FROM THE COUNTRY CLUB COMMITTEE COMING TONIGHT!

I KNOW... SOB... BUT THAT SON OF OURS... THAT... THAT...



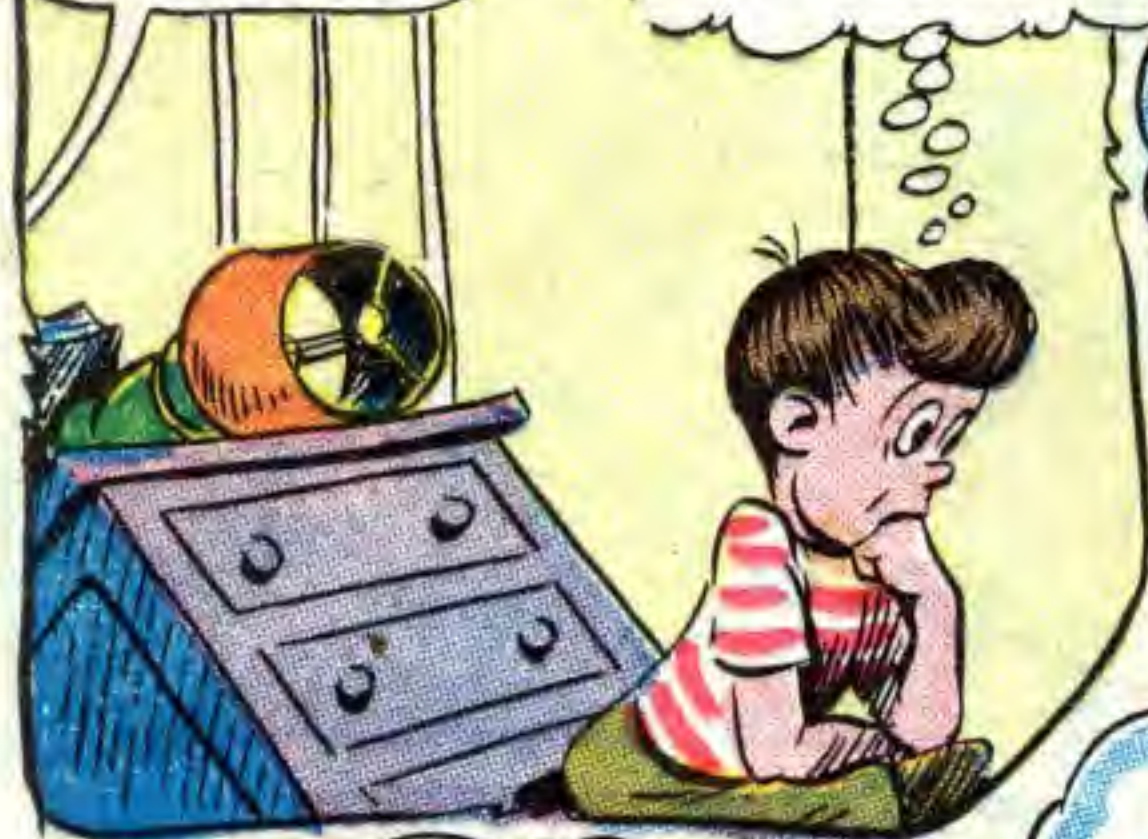
MIKE FER INSTANCE...

OH, MOM, WHY CAN'T THAT BOY BE A CREDIT TO US... INSTEAD OF... OH-HHHH!

GOLLY... POP'S RIGHT! I... I GUESS I'M NOTHIN' BUT A HEADACHE! OTHER FATHERS MUSTA BEEN PROUD OF THEIR KIDS...

THAT'S IT, BINGY-BOY!

BA-BA-BA-BOOOOOOO



MAKE WITH SOME MORE JOKES, BOBBIE! THE HOPE FAMILY IS PROUD OF YOU!

YESSIR, MR. TRUMAN... THAT BOY OF YOURS'LL PROBABLY BE ANOTHER "SKITCH HENDERSON"!



SIGH!





JEEPERS, I WISH THERE  
WUZ SUMP'N I COULD DO  
TA MAKE ME POPULAR WITH  
**MY POP!**

WELL,  
O'TOOLE...

ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT YOU'VE  
PROVED TO BE A **GREAT**  
DISAPPOINTMENT TO THE  
REST OF THIS COMMITTEE!



HERE IT IS THE EVE OF  
THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE  
...AND YOU TELL US YOU  
CAN'T FIND AN **ORCHESTRA!**

GENTLEMEN, I TELL  
YOU I'VE TRIED **EVERY-**  
**WHERE...** BUT UNLESS  
A **MIRACLE** OCCURS,  
THERE'LL BE NO  
DANCE!

WOW... THIS IS THE **BREAK**  
I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR!...  
I GOTTA **ROUND UP THE**  
**GANG!**



YEAH, JIT... LIKE I SAID! TELL  
'EM TO BRING THEIR INSTRUMENTS!  
THIS COULD SQUARE ME WITH  
POP SWELL! MAKE IT  
**QUICK!**

ROGER,  
COOK, OL'  
BOY! BE  
THERE IN  
A FLASH!

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! ALL I KNOW  
IS THAT THE COUNTRY CLUB IS  
HAVIN' A DANCE... AN' WE'RE  
THEIR ONLY HOPE! **C'MON...**  
**SNAP IT UP!**







HEY, MOM...WHAT'S ALL THAT RACKET? WE'RE TRYING TO THINK!

IT'S NOTHING - JUST SOME OF COOKIE'S FRIENDS, POP!



COOKIE'S FRIENDS --BAH!--WELL, AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY, GENTLEMEN, THERE'S NO SENSE IN GETTING EXCITED ABOUT THIS THING! I--



BOOM BOOM  
BLAH-DEE-  
BLAH-DEE-  
BLAH-DA  
BEEP-BEEP  
BRUMP  
BRUMP

I...I...AI-YI-YI!



TA-TA-TA-DA!  
BOOM-A-BOOM!  
TAA...BREEEP!



QUIET!

SILENCE!



GUESS WE DIDN'T GO OVER SO BIG WITH YER POP, HUH, COOK?

AN' I THOUGHT WE COULD HELP HIM OUT OF A JAM! OH, WELL



HEY, BRAIN...DON'T  
PLAY THAT THING!  
POP SAID **QUIET!**

TUT, TUT, MY GOOD  
COOKIE! I HAVE HERE  
A LITTLE INNOVATION  
OF MINE WHICH I  
BELIEVE MIGHT WELL  
AMUSE YOU IN YOUR  
MOMENT OF GLOOM!

THAT'S THE **SILLIEST**  
THING I EVER SAW...TURNIN'  
ON MUSIC AN' THEN GOIN'  
IN THE NEXT ROOM AN'  
CLOSIN' THE DOOR SO  
YA CAN'T HEAR IT!

AH, BUT YOU  
**SHALL** HEAR  
IT! OBSERVE  
...I MERELY  
MOVE THIS  
SMALL BUTTON  
AND...**LISTEN!**

**NOTHIN' BUT  
BLUE SKIES  
...FROM NOW  
ON!**

**HEY...LISTEN TA  
THE BRAIN! HE  
SOUNDS LIKE DER  
BINGLE HIMSELF  
...WITH AN ORCHESTRA  
AN' ALL!**

WHY, IT LOOKED  
LIKE YOU WERE  
MAKIN' WITH  
THE CROONIN'  
**YERSELF! HOW'D  
YA DO IT?**

SIMPLE INDEED! I HAD  
BUT TO PLACE A SMALL  
MICROPHONE NEAR THE  
RECORD PLAYER...WHICH  
CONNECTS BY WIRE TO A  
SPECIAL AMPLIFIER I WEAR  
AROUND MY NECK!  
**OBSERVE!**

**GEE!  
WODDEYA  
KNOW!**

AH, YES! AND **ANY  
SOUND** THAT ENTERS  
THE MICROPHONE  
COMES OUT HERE  
...AND MAKES ONE  
THINK I'M ACTUALLY  
MAKING IT!

GIVE IT HERE,  
BRAIN! LET ME  
TRY IT!

**HEY, IT WORKS  
--LISTEN!**

**TAKE BACK YOUR  
RHUMBA...AI...YOUR  
SAMBA...AI...YOUR  
CONGA...AI-YI-YI...**

**WOW...HAVE I  
EVER GOT AN IDEA!  
EVERYBODY MAKE  
LIKE THEY'RE  
PLAYIN'...GET  
HOT!**







HOT LICKS!  
TURN IT UP  
LOUD, COOKIE!

EE-YOW! YA'D  
THINK YOU GUYS  
WERE PLAYIN'...  
INSTEAD OF THE  
RECORD-PLAYER  
IN THE NEXT  
ROOM!



HUH?  
LISTEN!

IT'S THOSE  
KIDS AGAIN!  
I'LL...

WAIT,  
O'TOOLE! IF  
THAT'S THE  
KIDS, THEY'RE  
GOOD!



SH-HHH!



SOUTH AMERICA  
...TAKE IT AWAY-YY!

PSST,  
COOKIE  
-YER  
POP!



GEE, POP, WE'RE  
SORRY WE ANNOYED  
YA! YA SEE...

ANNOYED?

O'TOOLE, YOU OLD SO-AND-  
SO! SO THERE ISN'T AN  
ORCHESTRA IN TOWN, EH?  
...AND WITH THE BEST  
BAND IN THE LAND RIGHT  
UNDER YOUR OWN ROOF!

BOYS, WE'D CONSIDER  
IT A GREAT FAVOR IF  
YOU'D PLAY AT THE  
COUNTRY CLUB  
DANCE TOMORROW  
NIGHT! HOW'S  
ABOUT IT?









# The big dance!

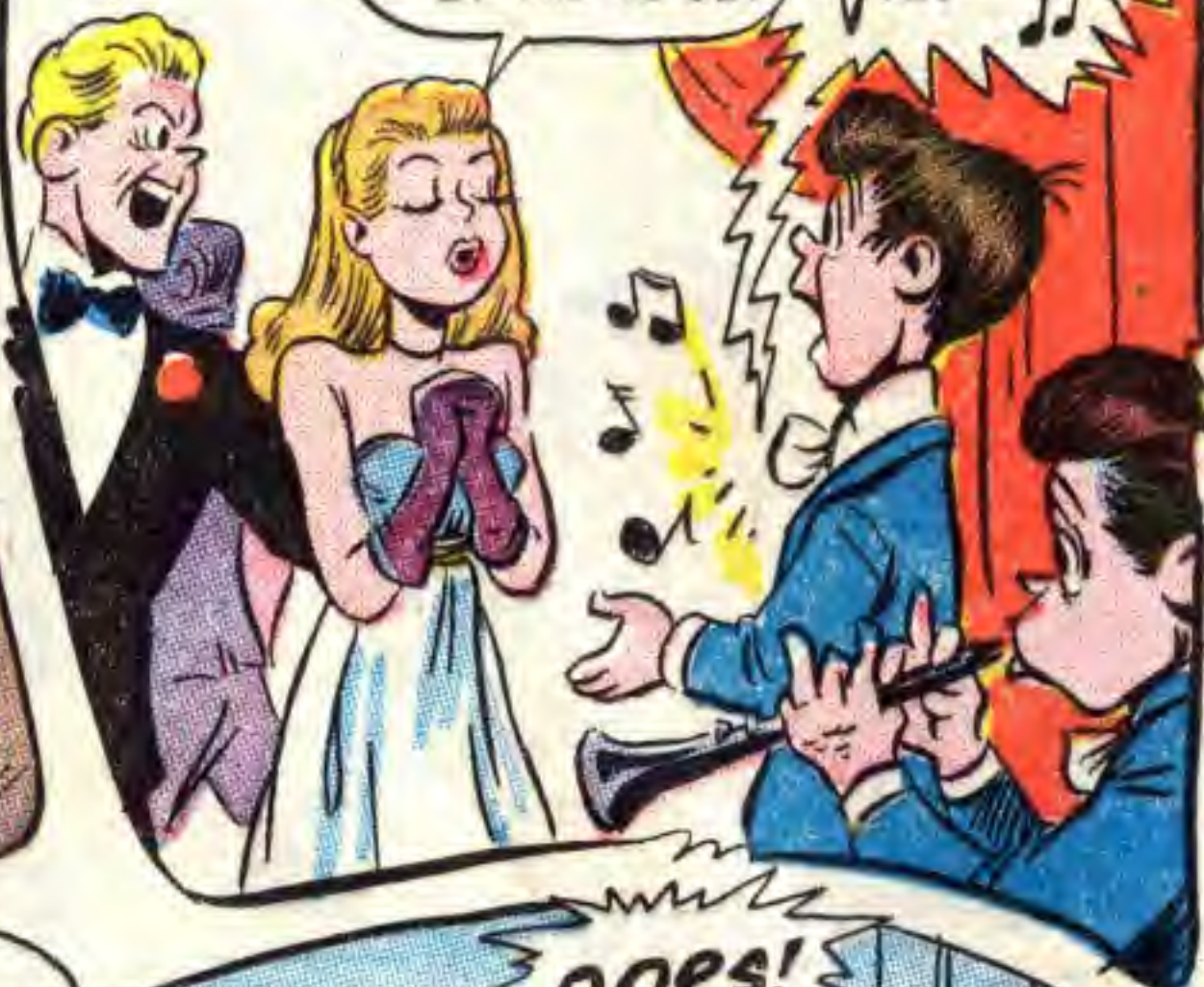
OH, ZOOT, JUST LISTEN TO COOKIE! DOESN'T HE SOUND LIKE BING?

YEAH, ANGELPUSS ---BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

AW, C'MON ---LET'S DANCE!

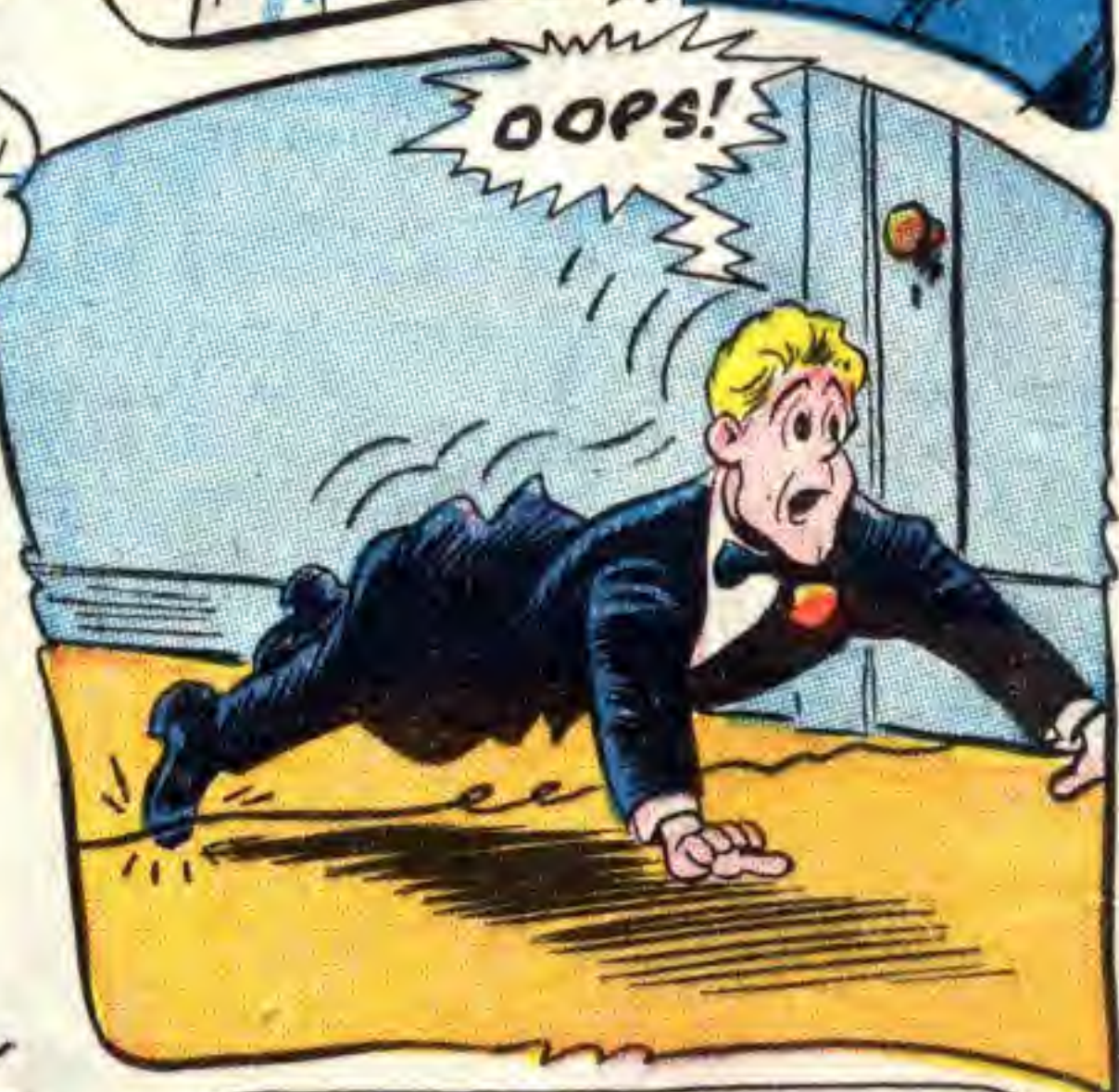
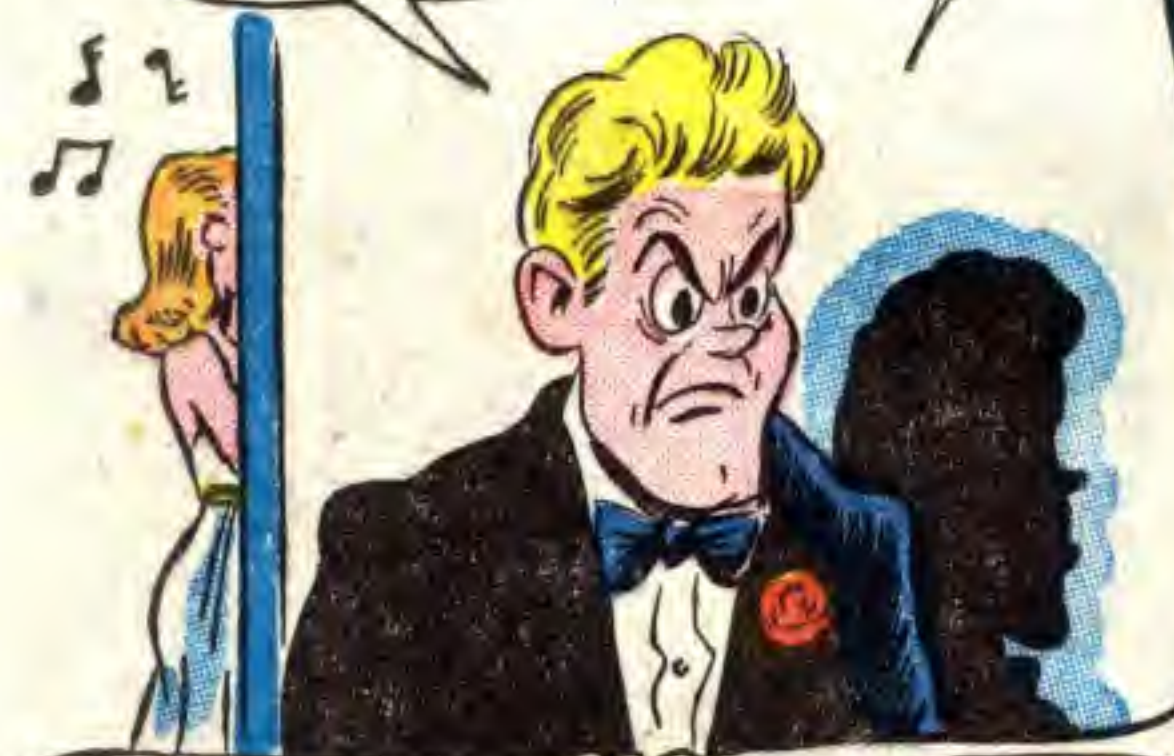
OH, RUN ALONG! I JUST WANT TO STAND AND DRINK IN THE BEAUTY OF HIS VOICE!

WHEN OUR LOVE WAS NEW... AND EACH KISS AN...



DRAT! THE FIRST TIME IN A YEAR I GET A CHANCE TA DANCE WITH HER---AN' SUDDENLY SHORTY FINDS HE'S GOT A VOICE LIKE CROSBY!

THERE'S SUMP'N FISHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SET-UP!



WOT'S THIS WIRE DOIN' HERE, ANYWAY? HMMM---IT GOES UP COOKIE'S PANTS LEG---

---AN' THEN LEADS INTO THAT ROOM! I WONDER!

WELL, WODDEYA KNOW! COOKIE, MY BOY, YOUR CROONIN' CAREER IS ABOUT TO COME TO A REVOLTIN' END!



BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO, AND NOW MY INSPIRATION---IS...

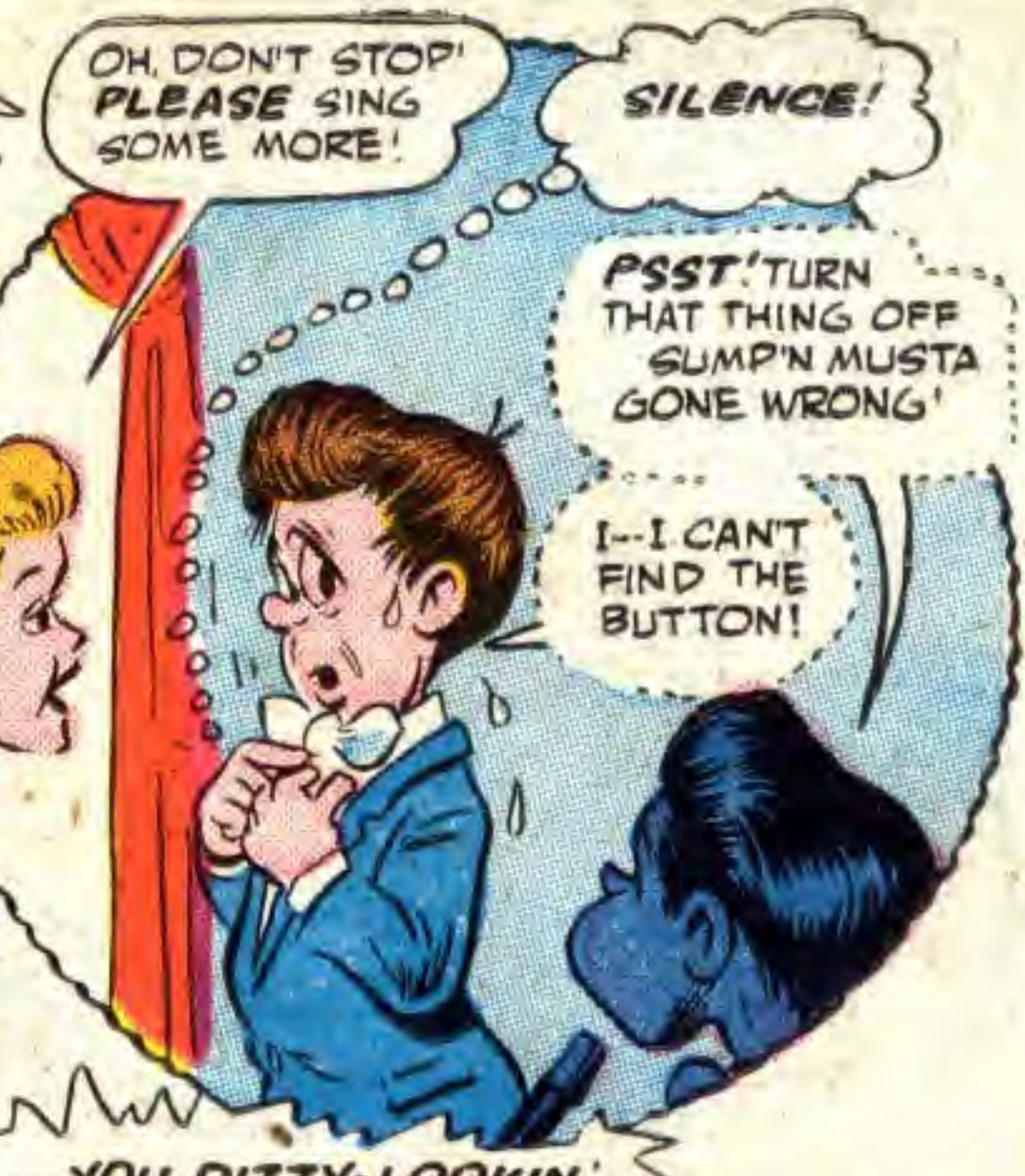




OH, COOKIE  
WHAT A  
VOICE! IT'S  
BEAUTIFUL!

IN THE STARDUST  
OF A ...  
URRRRRRRRK!

?



OH, DON'T STOP!  
PLEASE SING  
SOME MORE!

SILENCE!

PSST! TURN  
THAT THING OFF  
SUMP'N MUSTA  
GONE WRONG!

I--I CAN'T  
FIND THE  
BUTTON!



ZOWIE! ANYTHING I  
SAY INTO THIS MIKE WILL  
BE HEARD ALL OVER  
THE JOINT! WILL I FIX  
THAT PHONEY WITH  
ANGELPUSS!

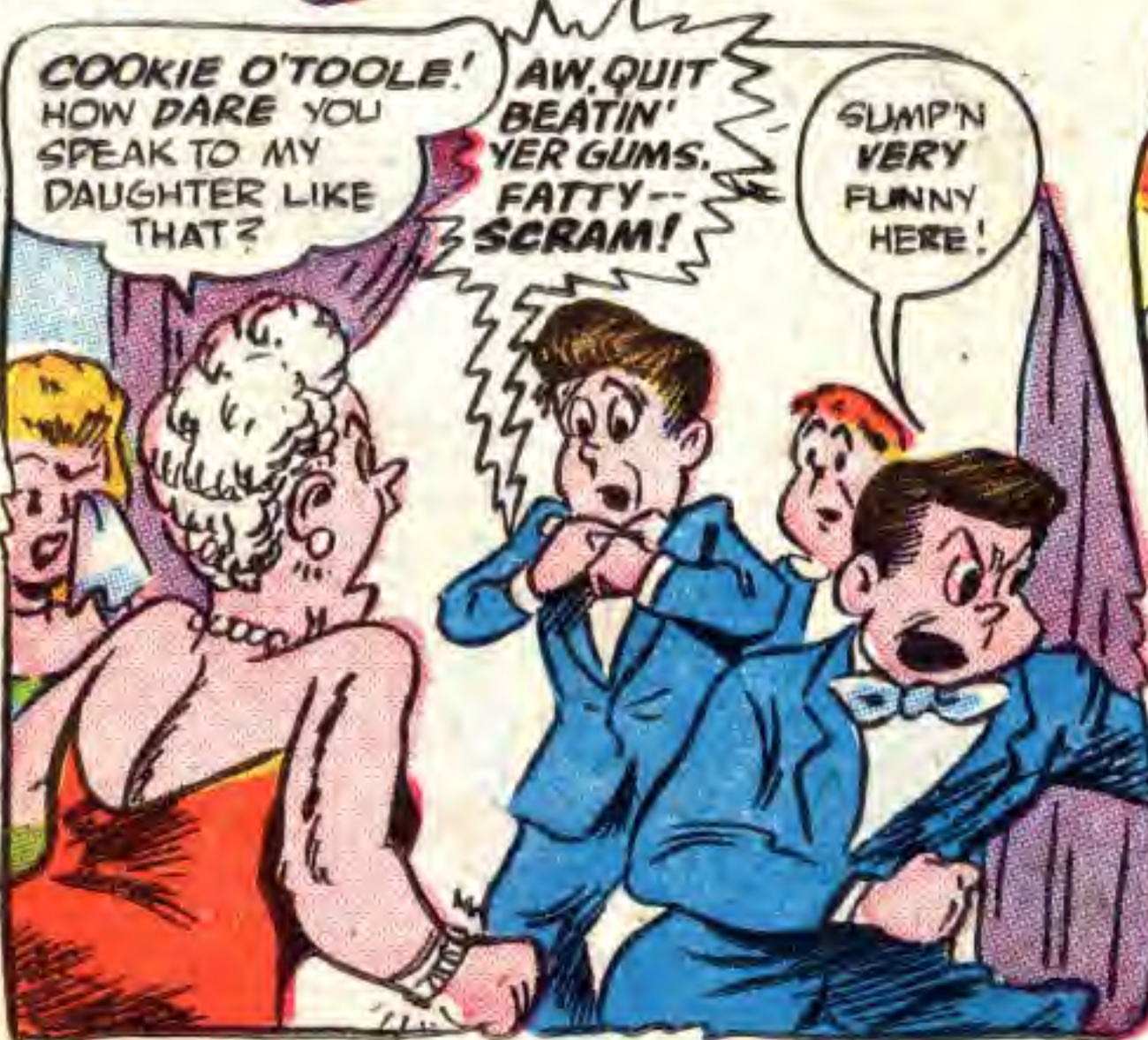
WHY,  
YOU...



...YOU DIZZY-LOOKIN'  
BLONDE BABE! WHY  
SHOULD I SING FOR  
YOU? HA-HA!

COOKIE!

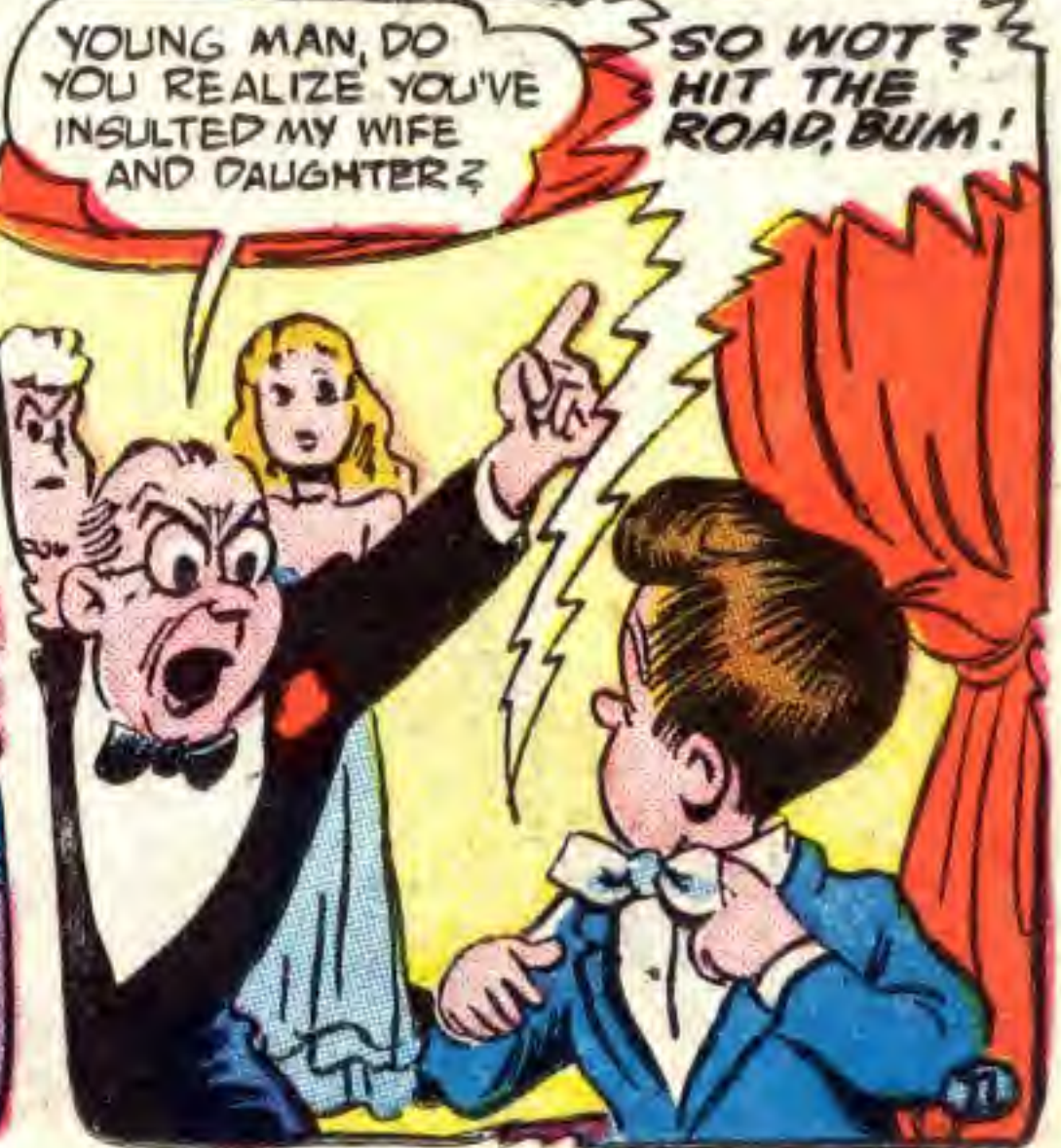
ULP!



COOKIE O'TOOLE!  
HOW DARE YOU  
SPEAK TO MY  
DAUGHTER LIKE  
THAT?

AW, QUIT  
BEATIN'  
YER GUMS.  
FATTY--  
SCRAM!

SUMP'N  
VERY  
FUNNY  
HERE!



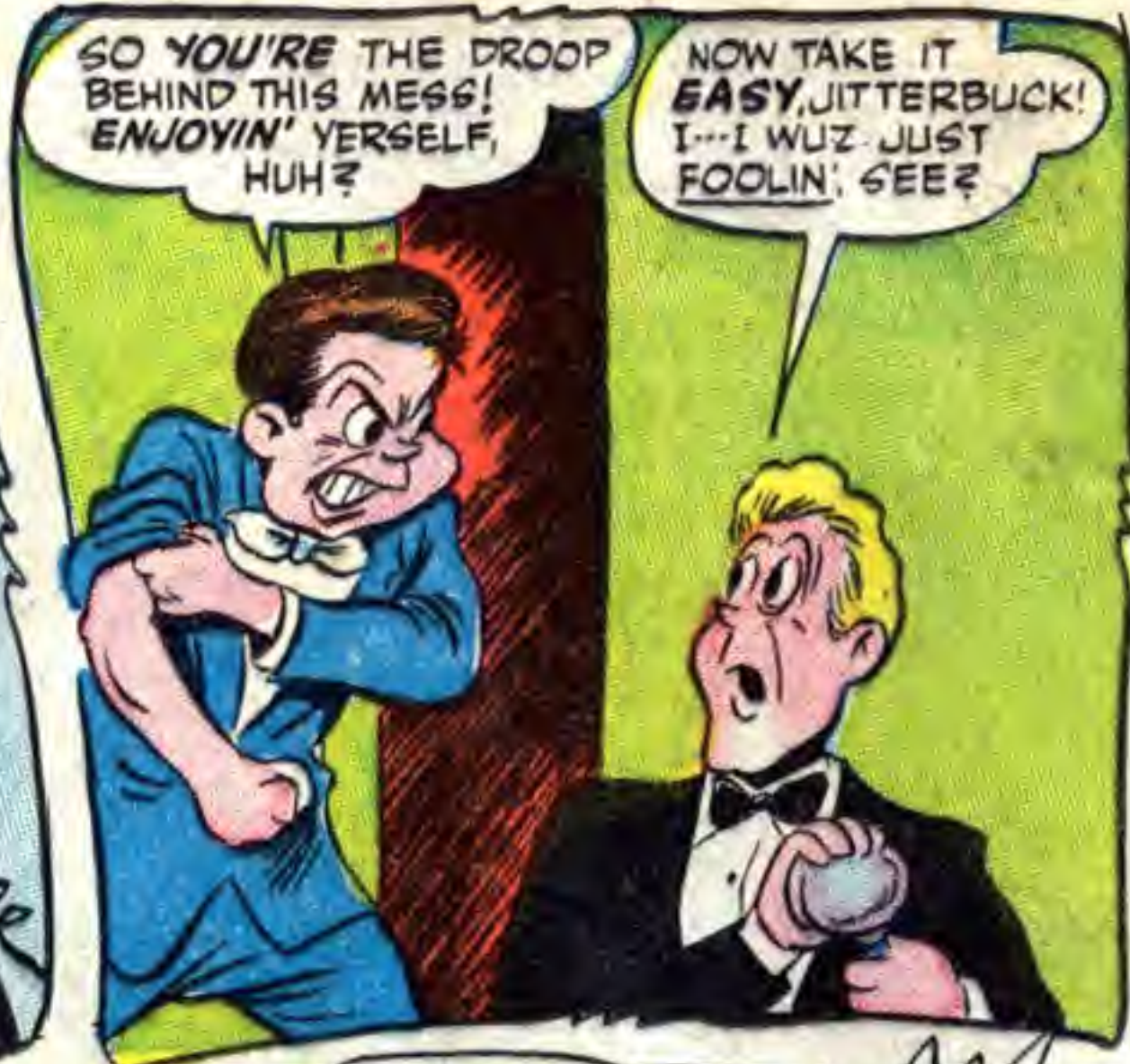
YOUNG MAN, DO  
YOU REALIZE YOU'VE  
INSULTED MY WIFE  
AND DAUGHTER?

SO WOT?  
HIT THE  
ROAD, BUM!





OH, BABY, WOT FUN! THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN SO COMPLICATED SINCE THERE WERE TWO GOVERNORS IN GEORGIA! HAW-HAW!



SO YOU'RE THE DROOP BEHIND THIS MESS! ENJOYIN' YERSELF, HUH?

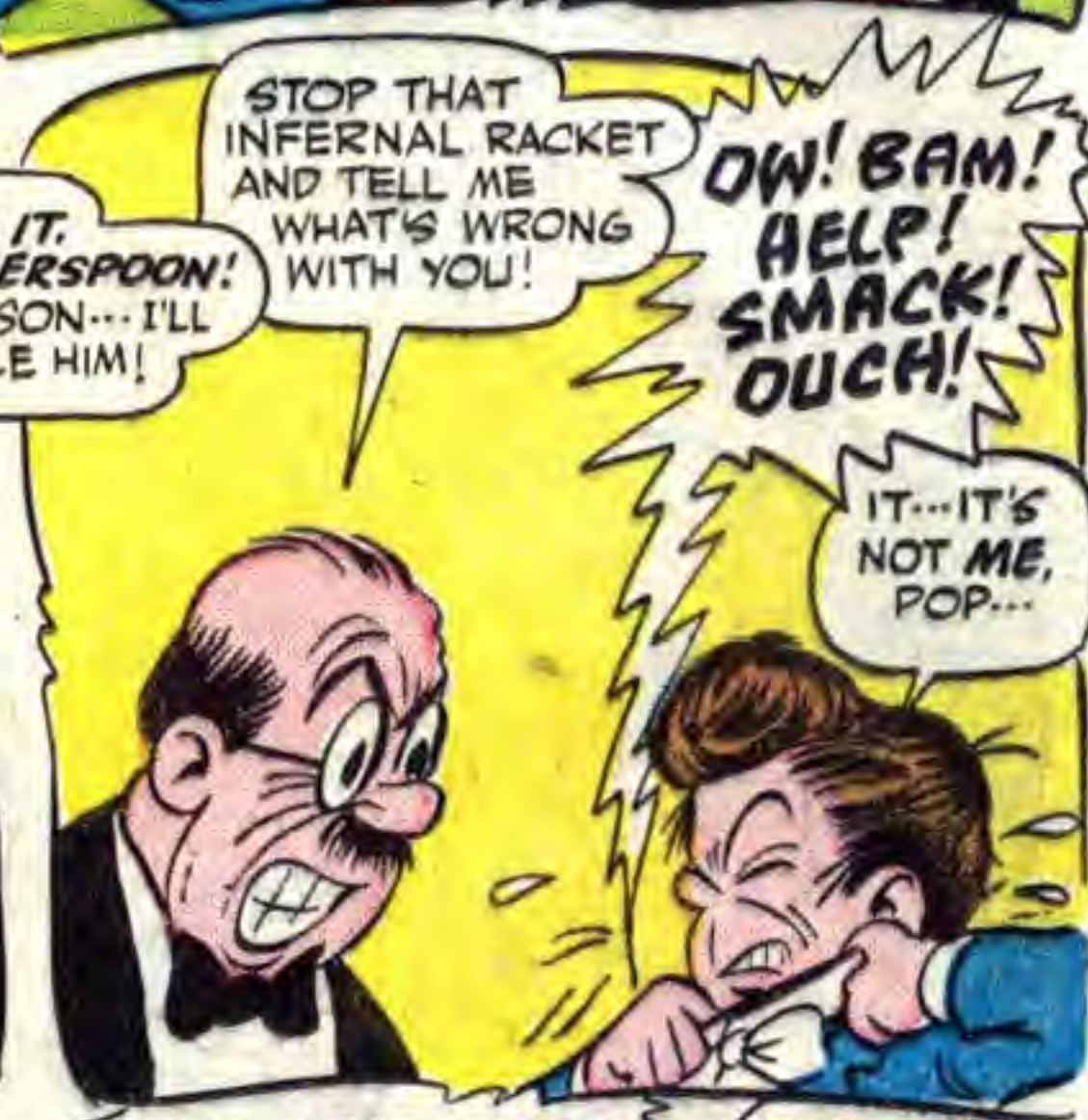
NOW TAKE IT EASY, JITTERBUCK! I...I WUZ JUST FOOLIN', SEE?



FOOLIN', HEY? WELL, I WON'T BE FOOLIN' WHEN I SMACK YOU IN THE SNOOT!

THAT DID IT!

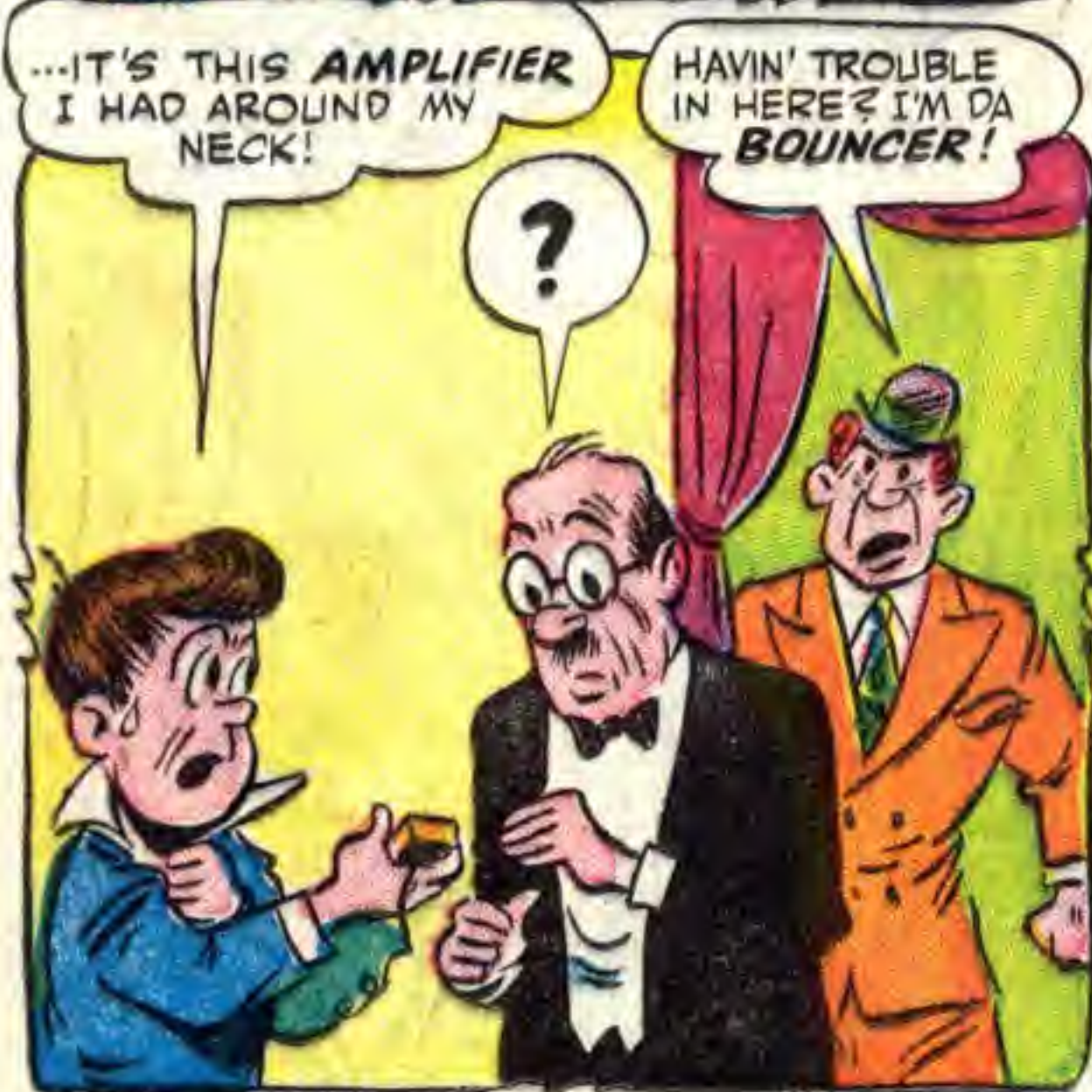
HOLD IT, MR. WITHERSPOON! HE'S MY SON... I'LL HANDLE HIM!



STOP THAT INFERNAL RACKET AND TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU!

OW! BAM! HELP! SMACK! OUCH!

IT...IT'S NOT ME, POP...



...IT'S THIS AMPLIFIER I HAD AROUND MY NECK!

HAVIN' TROUBLE IN HERE? I'M DA BOUNCER!

?



ONE MORE CRACK OUTA YOU AN' I'LL CLOSE BOTH OF YER EYES!

OH, YA WILL, WILLYA?



Next day...

HELLO, O'TOOLE! SAY, I HEAR YOU WENT A FEW ROUNDS WITH THE BOUNCER AT THE COUNTRY CLUB SHINDIG LAST NIGHT!

AHEM! WELL, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF, I...

HI, POP!

HARRUMPH!  
-- GO HOME --

AW, NOW, MR. O'TOOLE... COOKIE'S BEEN WONDERIN' HOW HE COULD SQUARE HIMSELF WITH YA... SO HE FIGGERED HE COULD BRING CREDIT TA THE FAMILY BY JOININ' THE **BOXIN' TEAM!**

WELL, WELL... A FIGHTING O'TOOLE! A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!

YEAH, POP... I JUST JOINED UP!

WELL, SON, NOW I AM PROUD! THAT IS, IF YOU WIN!

DON'T WORRY, MR. O'TOOLE... HE WILL! HE'S MATCHED WITH **STINKY STILLWELL!**

SURE! I'LL **MURDER** HIM!

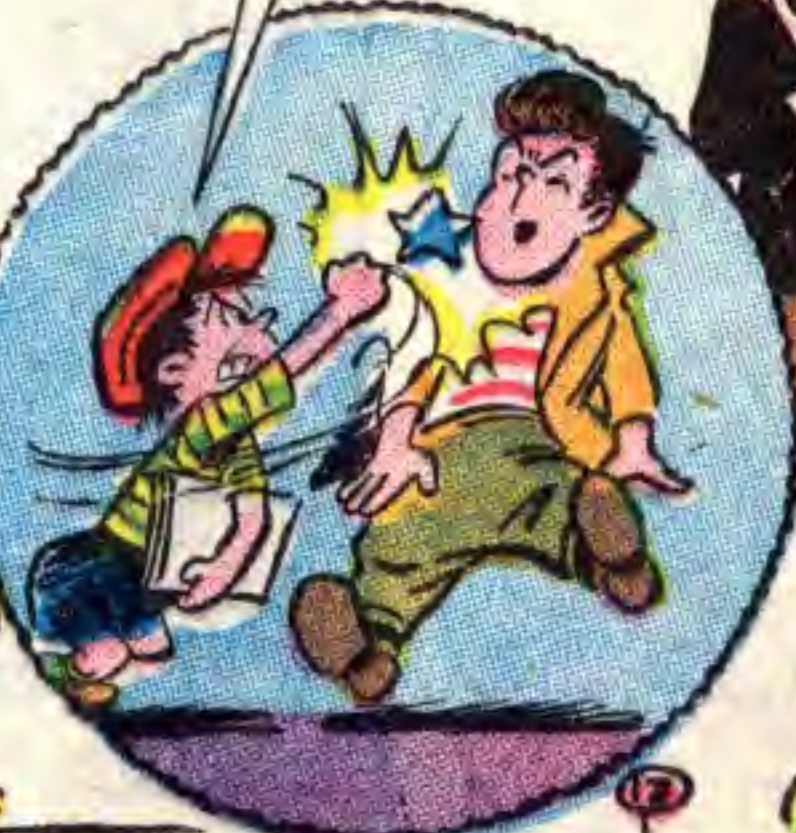
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JUST A MINUTE, BUB! DAT'S ME **BIG BRUDDER** YER MATCHED WIT'... AN' I DON'T TINK YA'LL MOIDER HIM LIKE YA SAY!

TUT-TUT, SONNY... GO PEDDLE YER PAPERS! **SCRAM!**

...AN' I MIGHT ADD DAT YA COULDN'T EVEN MOIDER HIS KID BRUDDER! **SEE WOT I MEAN?**

PLEASE TRY TA REMEMBER, MR. O'TOOLE... **HE'S THE ONLY SON YOU'VE GOT!**





# THE BRAIN

WOT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOIN', STUPID? I'M TAKIN' THIS RIG DOWN TA THE ELECTRIC SHOP TA GET FIXED, GEE?

AH, THEN, MY GOOD JITTERBUCK! I, **THE BRAIN**, WILL SAVE YOU THE EFFORT OF FURTHER HAULAGE!

IN OTHER WORDS... STEP INTO MY LABORATORY! I SHALL PERSONALLY REPAIR THE DEVICE!

YEAH? GEE!



PERHAPS THE DIFFUSION OF THE NEGATIVE ELECTRODES...

...OR EVEN THE DIFFUSE REFLECTION OF THE CATHODE RAYS...

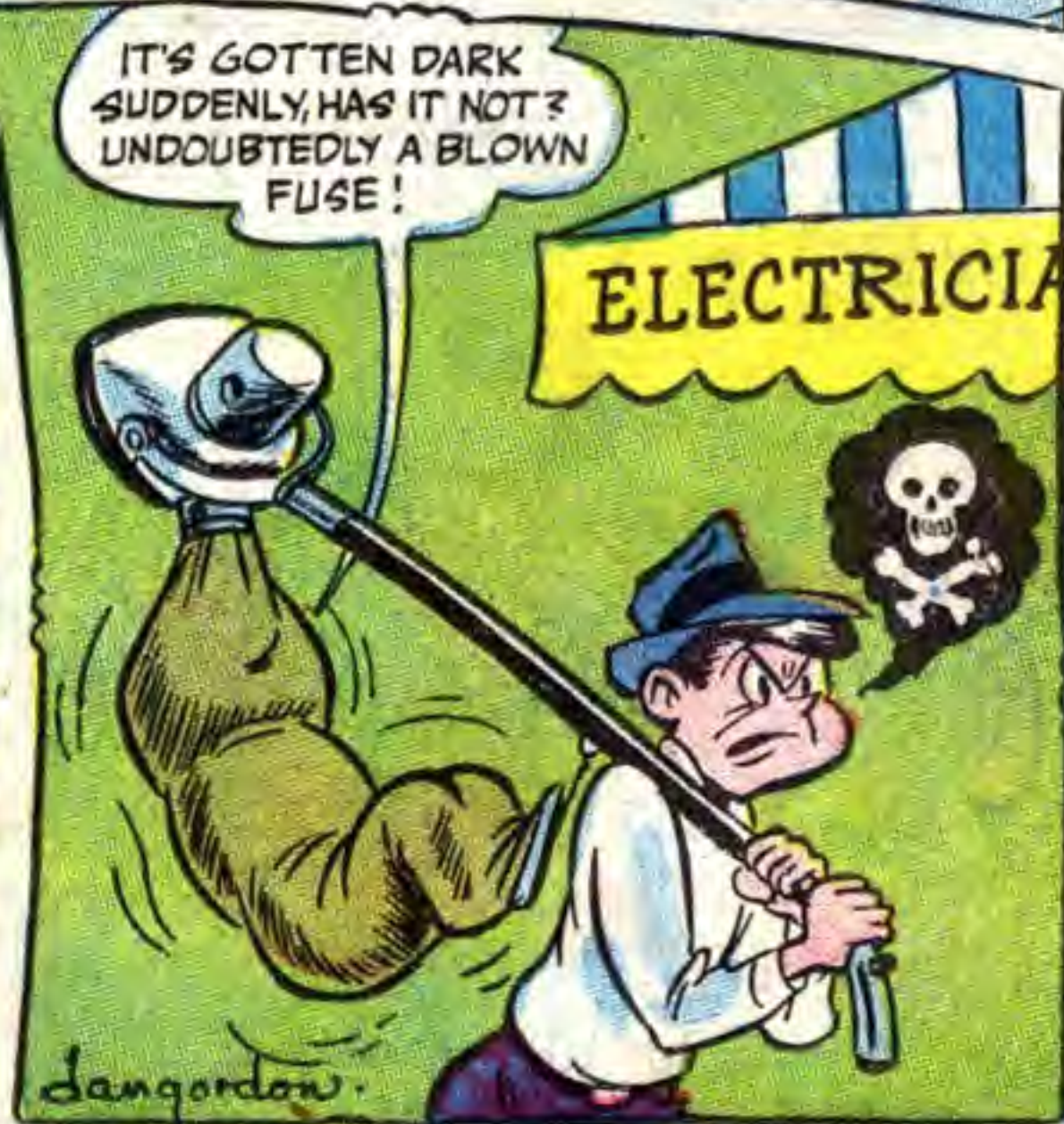
THERE, M' LAD... THE PROJECT IS COMPLETED! LEAVE US MAKE WITH THE ELECTRICITY!



?!?!?

IT'S GOTTEN DARK SUDDENLY, HAS IT NOT? UNDOUBTEDLY A BLOWN FUSE!

ELECTRICIA



Langordon



# PICKLES

← THROUGH THESE PORTALS PASS THE PRETTIEST GALS IN COOKIE COMICS!

JUDGE

WHO HASN'T AN EYE FOR BEAUTY? PICKLES HAD--AND THAT'S WHERE THE TROUBLE STARTED! WELL--JUDGE THIS BEAUTY PARADE FOR YOURSELVES, FOLKS! THE PRETTIEST GIRL AND THE LOUDEST LAUGH WINS!!

by AL HARTLEY

CAN YA IMAGINE THE LUCK OF THIS GUY PICKLES--BEIN' CHOSEN TA JUDGE THE SCHOOL BEAUTY CONTEST?

THE LUCKY STIFF--I WISH I WUZ HIM!

HEH, HEH! SILENCE SQUARES--THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!

YESSIR, PICKLES, THE PLEASURE'S ALL YOURS! FOR INSTANCE...

PICKLES! YOU'RE JUST THE BOY I WANTED TO SEE! I HEAR YOU'RE THE JUDGE FOR TOMORROW'S BEAUTY CONTEST!

DEBBIE! HIYA, SWEET AN' CUDDLY! YEP--THAT I AM... THAT I AM!

Ye Cozie Cokerie

25

100





HOW **WONDERFUL!** ER, AS YOUR SLICK CHICK, WOULDN'T YOU--AH--SAY I'M A SURE BET TO WIN?

DEBBIE, YER A CINCH! **IT'S IN THE BAG!** S'LONG! --I'LL BE HANDIN' YA THAT CUP TOMORROW!



**BUT...ON THE NEXT BLOCK...**

**PICKLES!** YOU'RE JUST THE BOY I WANTED TO SEE! I HEAR YOU'RE THE JUDGE FOR TOMORROW'S BEAUTY CONTEST!

**ULP!** MYRTLE, THEM WORDS HAVE GOT A STRANGELY FAMILIAR RING!



I **KNOW** I CAN DEPEND ON YOU! I'VE BEEN DOING YOUR MATH HOMEWORK FOR **SO LONG...** AND YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ME STOP, CAN YOU? I'M A **SURE** WINNER, EH?

B-BUT--ER--OF **COURSE!** MYRTLE, YER A CINCH! **IT'S IN THE B-BAG!**



**AND ON THE BLOCK AFTER THAT...**

**LISSEN, MUG!** MY SISTER HERE'S GONNA BE IN THAT NOW BEAUTY CONTEST TOMORROW! IT WOULDN'T BE HEALTHY FOR YA IF SHE DIDN'T WIN-- **SEE?**

**GULP!** SH-SHE'S A CINCH! **IT'S IN THE BAG!**



HOLY SMOKES, BINKIE--THIS THING'S GETTIN' OUTA HAND!

CHEER UP, PICKLES! ONE THING'S SURE--YA CAN'T HAVE ANY **MORE TROUBLE!**

**OH, NO?**

**OH, PICKLES!** CAN I SEE YOU FOR A MOMENT?

**SURE, DAD!** I'VE GOT A PROBLEM I WANNA DISCUSS WITH YOU, ANYWAY!





LOOK, SON! FAR BE IT FROM ME TO INFLUENCE YOUR DECISION TOMORROW-- BUT MY BOSS'S DAUGHTER WILL BE IN THAT CONTEST, AND--ER-- SINCE THERE'S A POSSIBLE RAISE IN THE OFFING... ENOUGH SAID, EH, OLD MAN?

OH-HHHHHH...

HA-HA! SO THAT'S ALL SETTLED, EH? AND NOW-- WHAT WAS THAT PROBLEM OF YOURS, SON?

OH, NOTHIN', DAD... SKIP IT!

**GLOOM!**

**THROUGH THE TROUBLED NIGHT...**

CHOOSE ME... OR LOSE ME!

CHOOSE ME... OR YOU'LL FLUNK MATH!

CHOOSE HER... OR I'LL MOID-ER, YA!

CHOOSE HER... OR I'LL DISINHERIT YOU!

**MORNING...**

BINKIE, IT'S GETTING WORSE BY THE MINUTE!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST BLOW TILL THE CONTEST IS OVER!

THAT'S IT! HERE-- I'LL LEAVE A NOTE FOR MY FOLKS!

I'M A PAL, HUH? TRUST ME TA COME UP WITH THE RIGHT IDEA!

YESSIR! THIS IS THE PERFECT OUT!

GOIN' SOMEWHERE, CHUM?

ULP! WELL-- ER-- THAT IS--



YA WOULDN'T BE THINKIN' OF BLOWIN' TOWN, WOULD YA-- JUST BEFORE THE CONTEST? YA AIN'T FORGETTIN' WHO'S SUPPOSED TA WIN, ARE YA? I'LL BE WAITIN' RIGHT UNDERNEATH THIS WINDOW...

SURE! IT'S IN THE BAG, REMEMBER?

A PRISONER-- IN MY OWN HOME! WOT AM I GONNA DO?

HAVE I EVER LET YA DOWN? THIS TIME I GOT A REAL IDEA, PICKLES! YER GONNA PLAY SICK!

BEST IDEA YA EVER HAD, BINKIE! GET ME SOME ICE AND A HEATING PAD--AND THEN CALL MY FOLKS!

ROGER!

WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S PICKLES, SIR -- HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!

GOOD HEAVENS! HIS HEAD IS BURNING UP!

IT IS? HIS FEET ARE LIKE ICE... LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

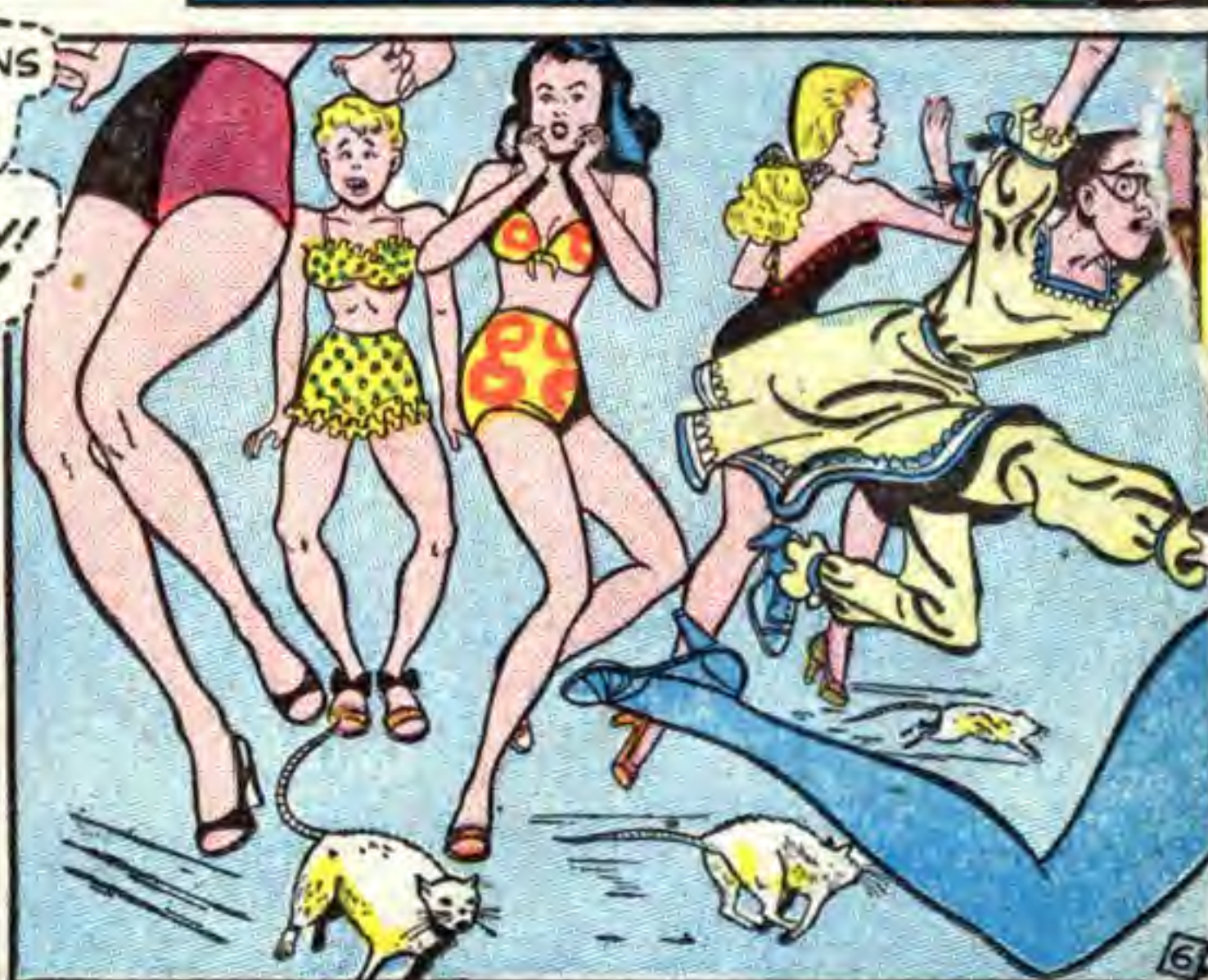
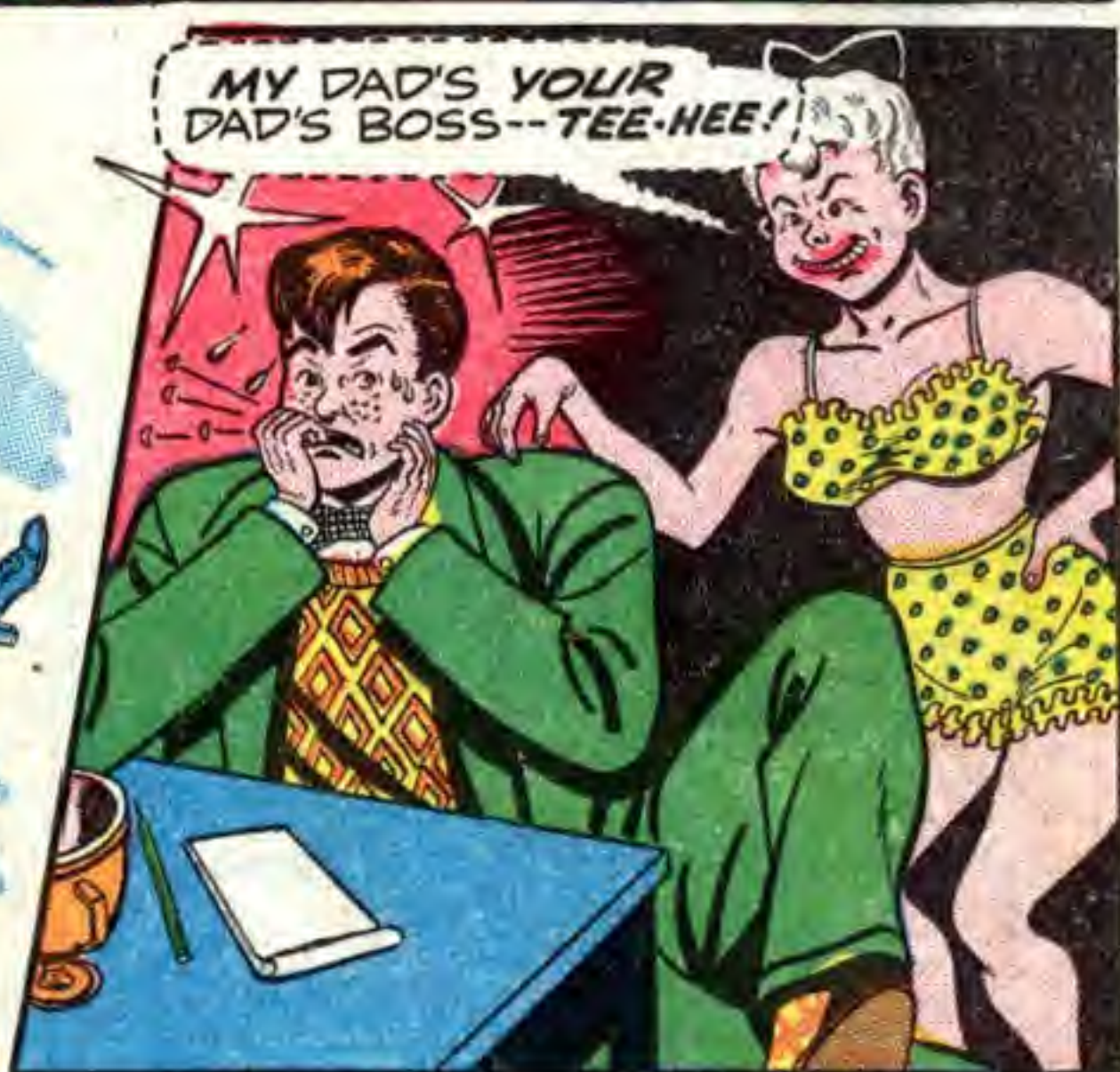
!?!

!?!











NOW LET'S GET  
ON WITH THE  
CONTEST--AND  
**KEEP IT  
HONEST!**

**SIC 'EM,  
PUSSIES!**

IT'S CURTAINS, NO MATTER WHO I PICK! 'PICKLES, OL' MAN, HAVE YOU THE COURAGE OF YOUR CONVICTIONS? HERE GOES!

**I PROCLAIM... GULP!... THE  
WINNER TO BE THE REALLY  
PRETTIEST GIRL... DEBBIE!**

**A**ND SO PICKLES MADE HIS CHOICE-AND TOOK THE CONSEQUENCES...

**CRUNCH!**

**A**ND LATER--

**NOW LOOK AT ME! I GUESS YA CAN'T WIN, NO MATTER HOW HARD YA TRY!**

**DEBBIE!**

**PICKLES! DO YOU THINK I'D FORGET YOU? YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!**

SO ALL'S WELL THAT  
ENDS SWELL!

I CALLED YOUR FATHER AND EXPLAINED THINGS--AND HE'S FORGIVEN YOU! YOU CAN'T LOSE STUDYING MATH THIS WAY ...AND THAT KISS HAS ALREADY DONE WONDERS FOR YOU!

(SIGH) DEBBIE--  
YOU'RE SOLID!

Another left  
packed story  
about pickles  
NEXT ISSUE!



# TEENTALES

Al Hartley

GOSH, I'D GO THROUGH **FIRE** FOR YOU, JEANNE!

HUH! WHAT A SILLY **ASH** YOU'D BE!



THAT GIRL'S NOT A BIT SHY, IS SHE?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY-- BUT SHE'S CERTAINLY **RETIRING!!**



WOULD YOU CONSIDER IT IMPROPER IF I KISSED YOUR HAND?

NO, BUT I THINK IT WOULD BE **DECIDEDLY OUT OF PLACE!**



**HUBBA-HUBBA!** HOW FAR DOES THAT PIPPIN LIVE FROM SCHOOL?

OH, **THREE SODA FOUNTAINS AND A CANDY STORE!**





# Cookie in "THAT HOMEY TOUCH"

MRS. O'TOOLE spoke very firmly to Cookie. "Do you understand, young man?" she asked him.

"Sure, mom," Cookie replied, "I understand. If ya find even one teentsy-weentsy speck o' dust in the house, ya'll tan my hide!"

"That," said Mrs. O'Toole, "is absolutely correct! I've worked since sunrise, getting this house spic and span. I've scrubbed, rubbed, waxed and polished. Just don't let me catch you tracking in mud or leaving your things around!"

"Gee whiz, mom, okay!" Cookie answered. "I won't hardly move around here. Honest!"

"See that you keep your promise!" his mother said. "I'm going out to do the market-ing now. And when I come back . . ."

"Ya kin rely on me!" Cookie promised again. "Spic an' span!"

Taking her shopping bag, Mrs. O'Toole left the house. Cookie watched her walk down the porch steps and then, selecting a book from the living room shelves, went up to his room.

"Mom really means *business!*" he thought, sprawling across his bed. "Boy, I hate ta think what'd happen if I *did* get the place messed up!" He started to read his book.

"Anybody home?" a voice from downstairs called. "Mother! Where are you? Come down and say hello to Mr. Snide, my dear!"



"Golly, it's *pop!*" Cookie was astonished. What's *he* doin' home this time of day?" He called downstairs, so his father could hear him. "Mom's out marketin', pop! How come you're home?"

"I've brought Mr. Snide, son," Mr. O'Toole called. "Business friend. Come down and say hello!"

Cookie ambled down the steps to face the most disagreeable-looking man he had ever seen . . . a tall, thin, bald, frozen-faced man with a sour expression.

"This is my son, Cookie," Mr. O'Toole said. "Cookie, this is Mr. Phineas Snide."

"Hrumph!" said Mr. Snide.

"Hoddayado?" said Cookie politely, wondering what it was all about.

He had not long to find out. His father collared him, pulled him into the kitchen and whispered nervously, "This is a fine time for your mother to be out! That's Mr. Snide, and if I don't get his name on a contract, your mother won't be able to do much shopping! Mr. Snide is a *very important man!*"

"Yeah, but what's he doin' *here*, pop?" Cookie asked, puzzled.

"He's hipped on *one subject!*" Mr. O'Toole answered. "Domesticity! Says he won't do business with anyone unless he's got a fine home, real family spirit . . . real home sweet home stuff! Oh, well! If your mother's not here, I'll have to do it *myself!*"

"Do what?" Cookie asked, still mystified.

"Why, prove to Mr. Snide that the O'Toole household is *perfection!* I had hoped your mother would be here to help me, but I'll carry on myself! Guess I'll serve some tea."

"Er . . . pop . . ." Cookie hinted gently. "Maybe ya better wait fer mom ta come home. Ya see, she's been doin' the house-cleanin' an' she says if anything gets messed up or anythin', she'll . . ."

"Nonsense, son, nonsense!" said Mr. O'Toole. "I'm not exactly helpless, you know. There's



no reason why a *man* can't do just as well as a woman in a kitchen!"

Mr. O'Toole reached up into the dish cabinet . . . and promptly broke two of the best china cups!

"Pop, please . . ." Cookie started to plead, but his father paid no attention.

"Can't keep Mr. Snide waiting," he mumbled, spilling water all over the kitchen floor. "He's a very exacting man! Oops!" The last remark referred to the fact that Mr. O'Toole had just allowed a jar of raspberry jam to slip through his fingers and crash on the kitchen table.

"Never mind, never mind," he brushed Cookie's objections aside. "Help me serve this tea!"

Cookie held the kitchen door open, so his father could carry the tea tray into the liv-

walked out of the O'Toole house, taking with him all pop's hopes and leaving behind him despair and a cluttered-up house.

"Oh, pop, this is *awful!*" Cookie moaned. "Wait'll mom sees *this!*"

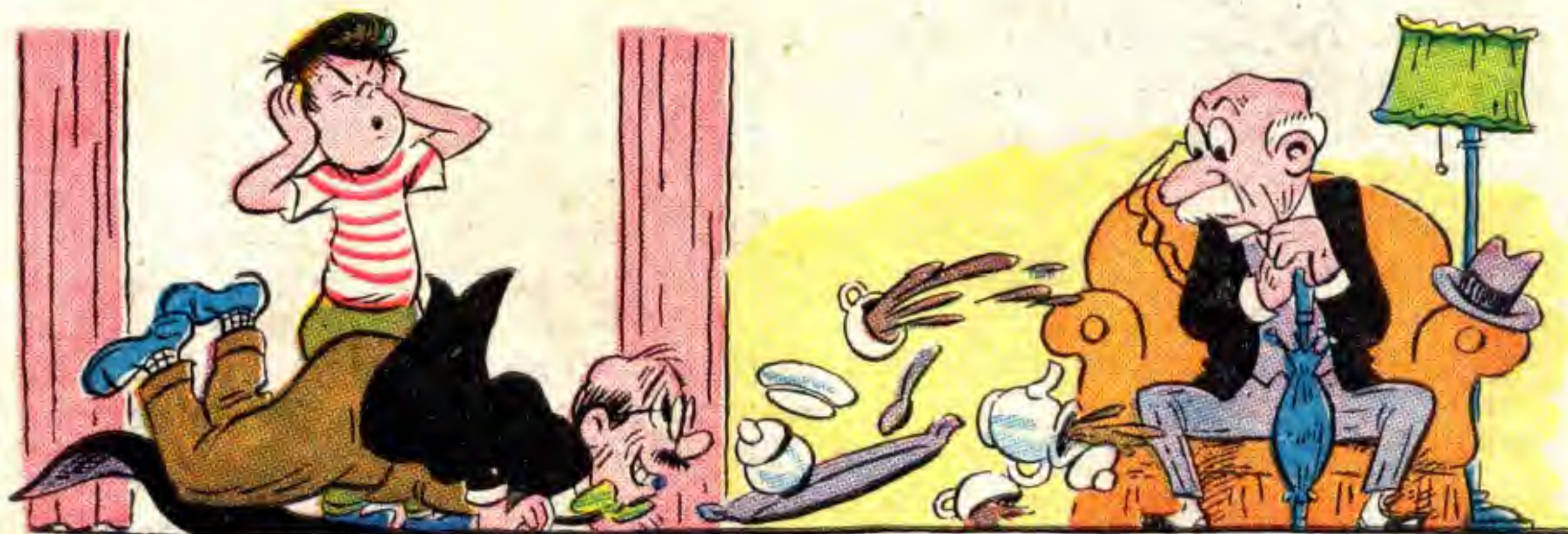
"She's seeing it *right now!*" an angry voice interrupted. Mrs. O'Toole, breathing fire, walked into the living room. She did not bother to say any more before she walloped Cookie soundly.

"But, *mom,*" Cookie tried to protest.

"I *warned* you about keeping the house tidy and clean!" said his irate mother, preparing to haul off again.

Mr. O'Toole, trembling, decided to confess his guilt. "It's not Cookie's fault, dear," he stuttered, "it's . . . uh . . . *mine!* You see . . ."

Mrs. O'Toole did not wait for further explanations. Turning on her spouse like an



ing room. Neither of them noticed the slight bump in the rug under Mr. O'Toole's feet.

*Crash!* Mr. O'Toole, surprised, went flying off in one direction, while the tea tray, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, crackers, cheese and jam went flying off in another.

As Cookie tried to scrape the soggy stuff from the rug, Mr. O'Toole tried to pacify the impatient Mr. Snide.

"Heh-heh," he said to his grumpy visitor. "I'll just get some more tea! Now you just sit here and make yourself comfortable, while I . . ."

"Comfortable!" growled Mr. Snide. "How can *anyone* be comfortable here, I ask you? Mr. O'Toole, I've said it before and I wish to repeat that a home without a mother is *not* a home! Good day!"

Clapping his hat on his head, Mr. Snide

enraged tiger, she clouted him soundly. "I work my fingers to the bone," she was crying . . . when the front door opened again. It was the sour-faced Mr. Snide!

"Forgot my umbrella," he explained, taking the scene in. Cookie was sniveling, Mr. O'Toole was crouching in an attitude of self-defense and mom was lifting a heavy volume for heaving purposes.

"So!" said Mr. Snide. "Aha! At last! After all my searching . . . a real home at last! Mother, father and son . . . one little family group! O'Toole . . . *where's that contract?*"

As Mr. Snide scratched his signature on the all-important contract, Mr. O'Toole's eyes misted over with tears. "Thanks, Mr. Snide," he said. "I'm in complete agreement with you. There really is no place like home!"

"Ya kin say *that* again!" Cookie agreed.



OUR KID

# SISTER

YES, MRS. BROWN! I'D LOVE TO WATCH WAYNEY THIS AFTERNOON! YES, MA'AM, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! THANK YOU! G'BYE!

BOB WICK



I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY A COUPLE OF NEW HOT CAKES WITH THE MONEY I EARN!



COME RIGHT IN, CINDY!

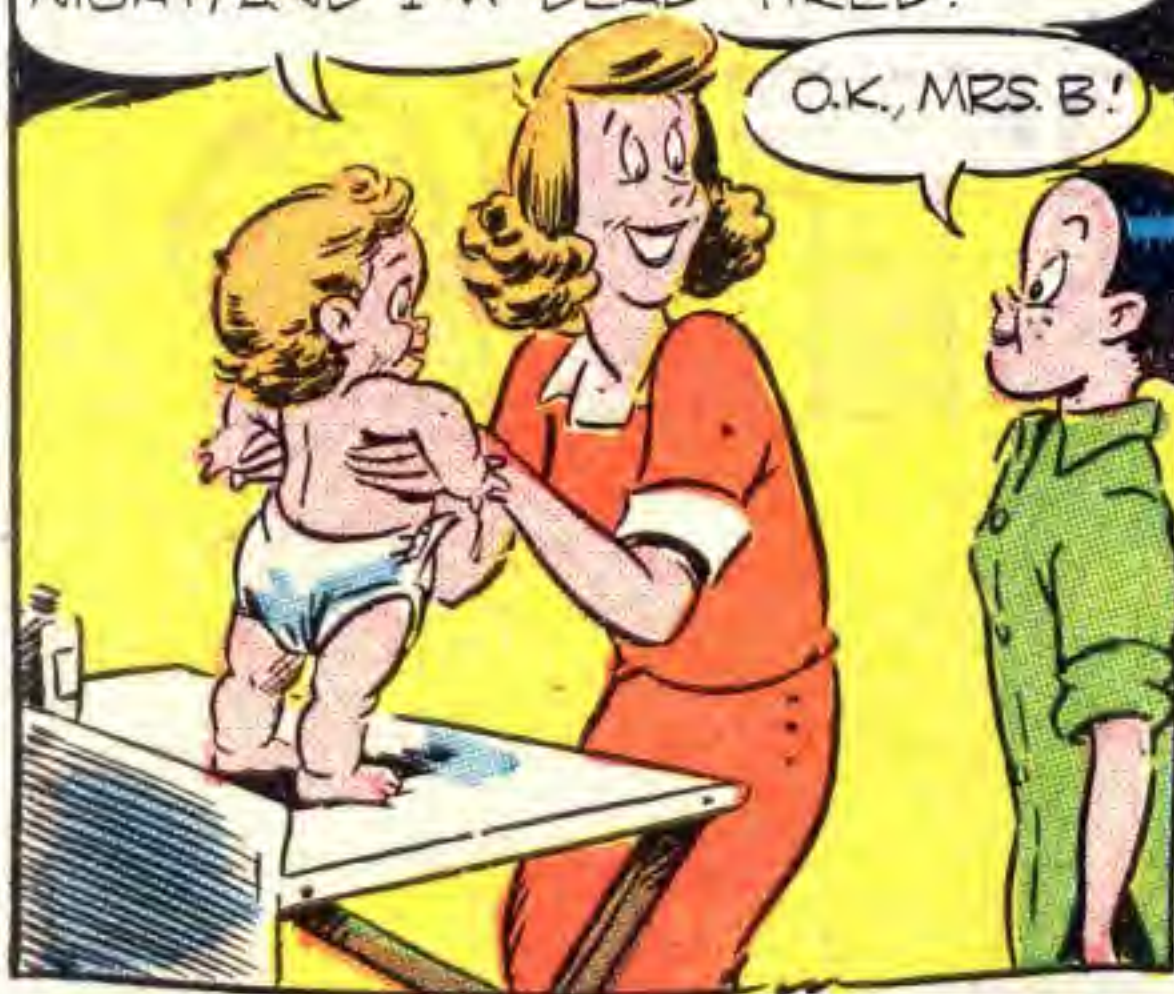
IT'S ME, MRS. BROWN! CINDY!





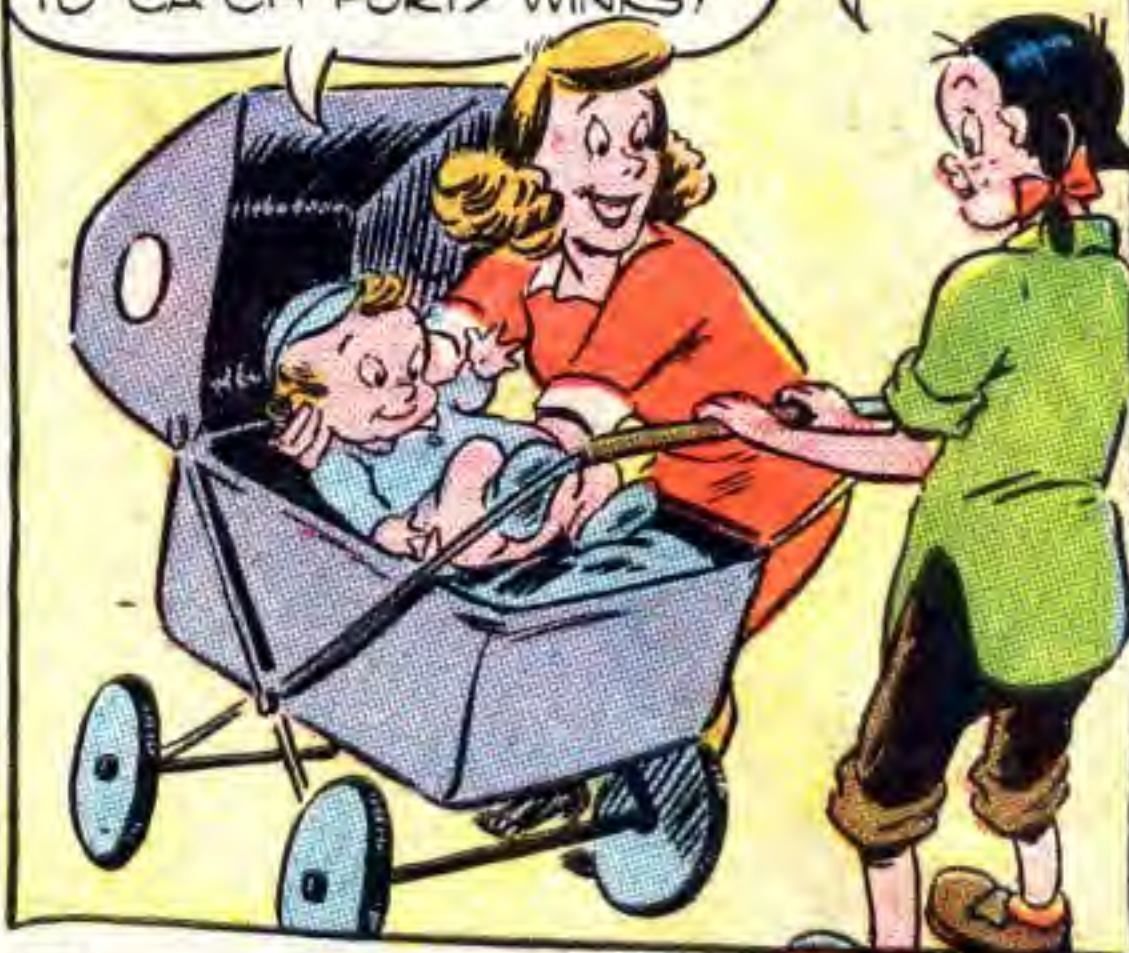
CINDY, HONEY, WOULD YOU TAKE WAYNEY FOR A WALK WHILE I TAKE A LITTLE NAP? I WAS UP LATE LAST NIGHT, AND I'M DEAD TIRED!

O.K., MRS. B!

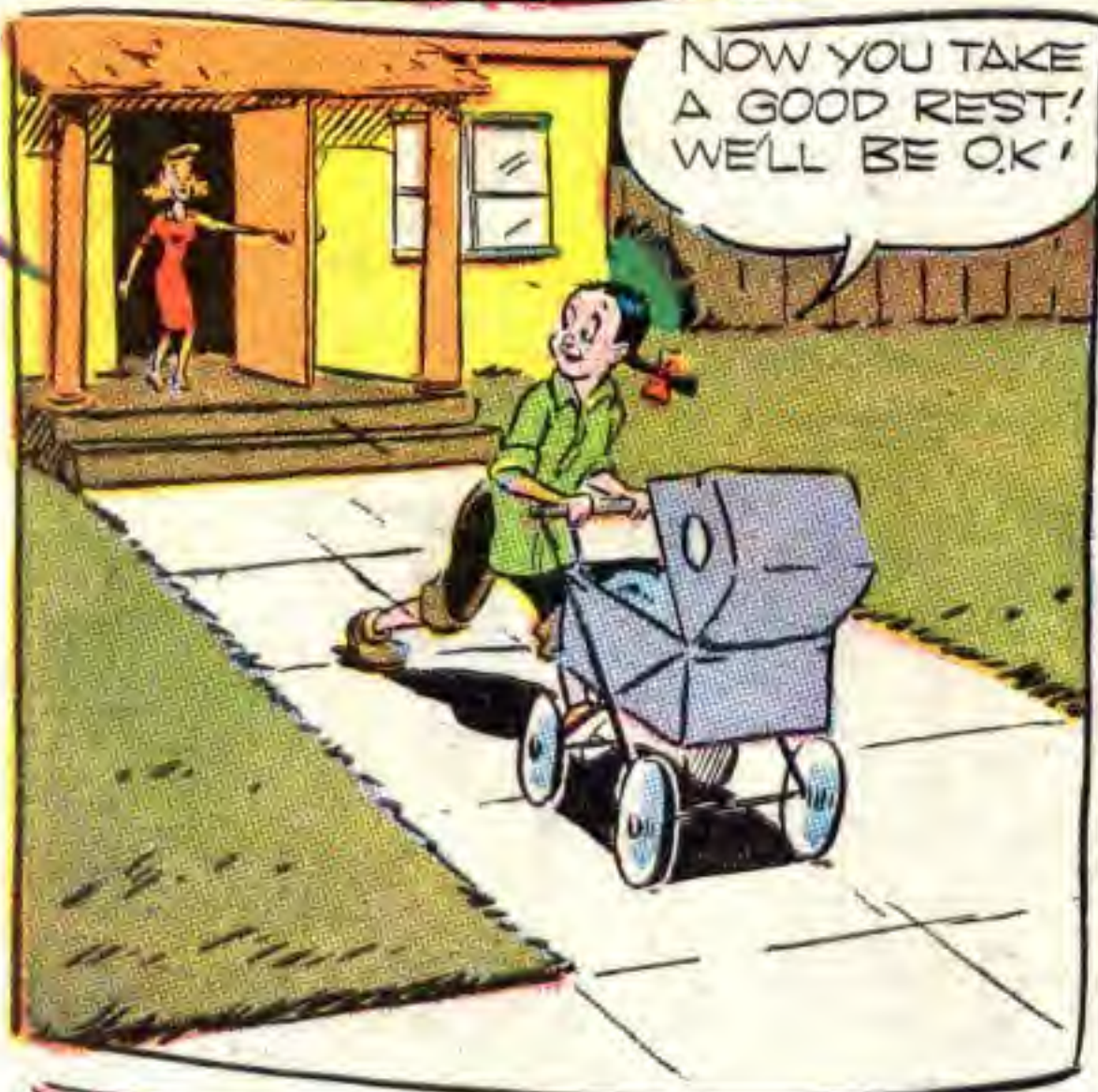


JUST TAKE HIM AROUND THE PARK, CINDY; I THINK THAT WILL BE ENOUGH TIME FOR ME TO CA'CH FORTY WINKS!

I'LL WALK SLOWLY, MRS. B!



NOW YOU TAKE A GOOD REST! WE'LL BE O.K.!



♪ WHILE STROLLING THRU THE PARK--♪



♪--IN THE MERRY MERRY MONTH OF MAY ♪

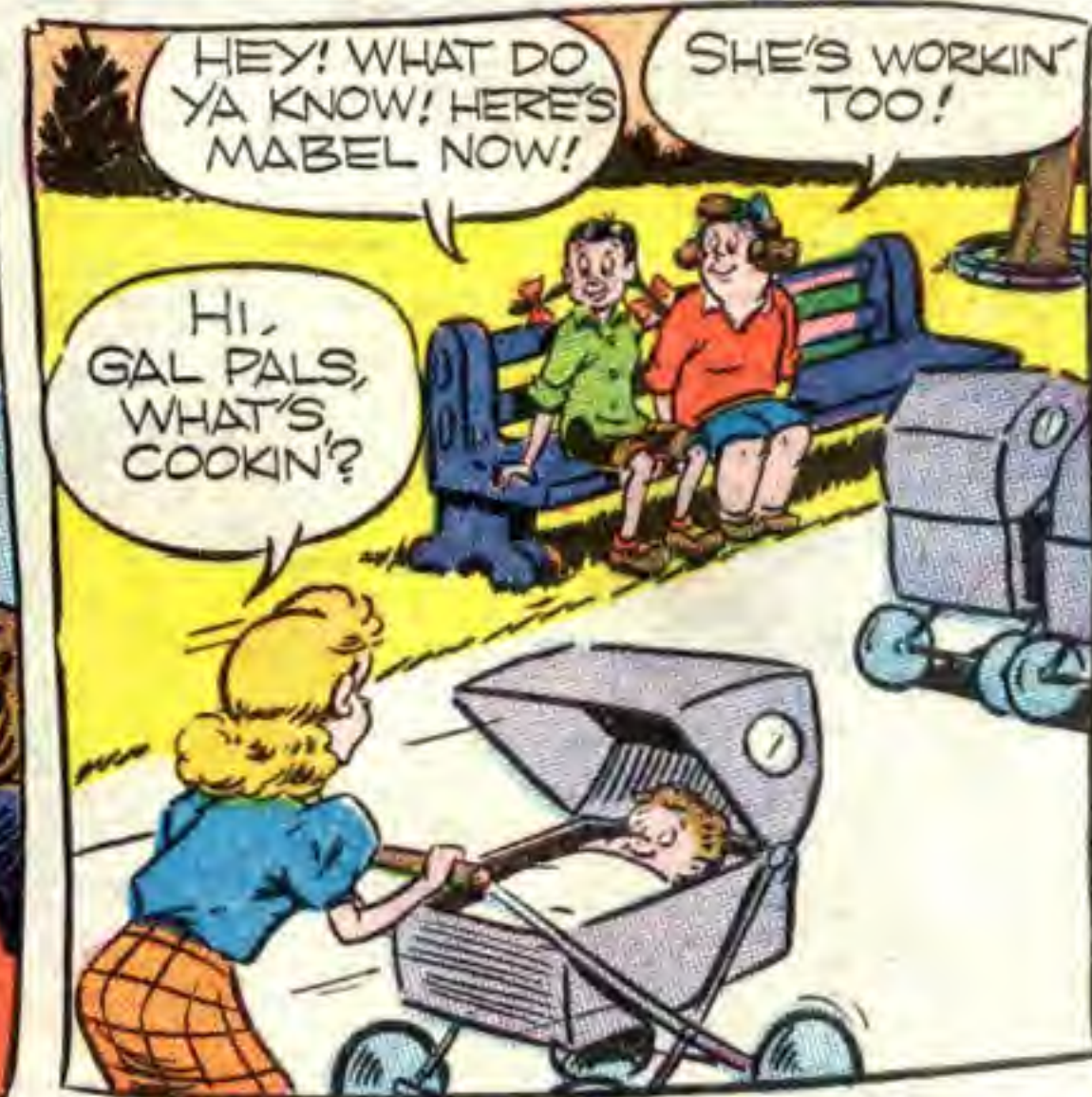
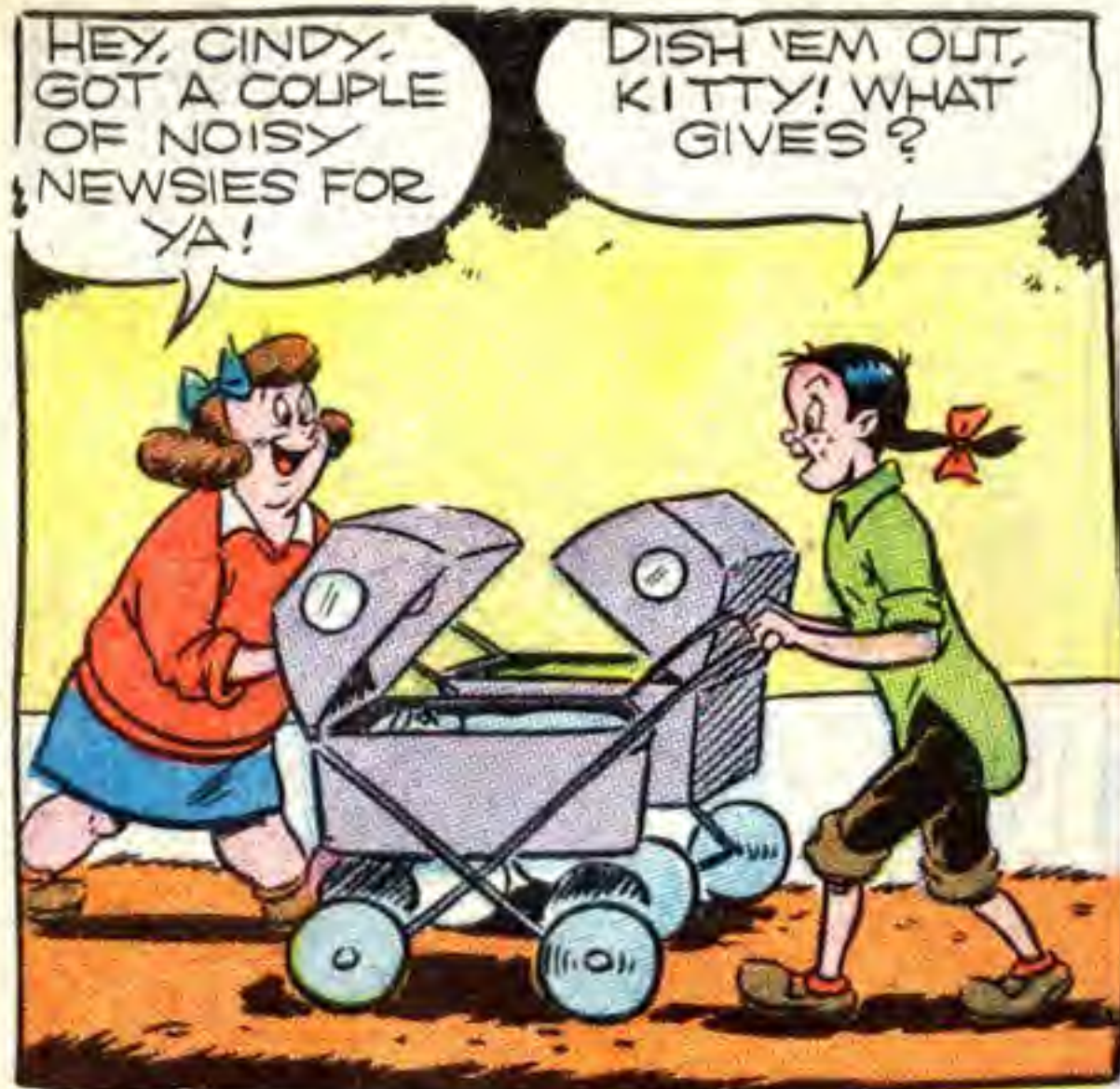


HI, CINDY!

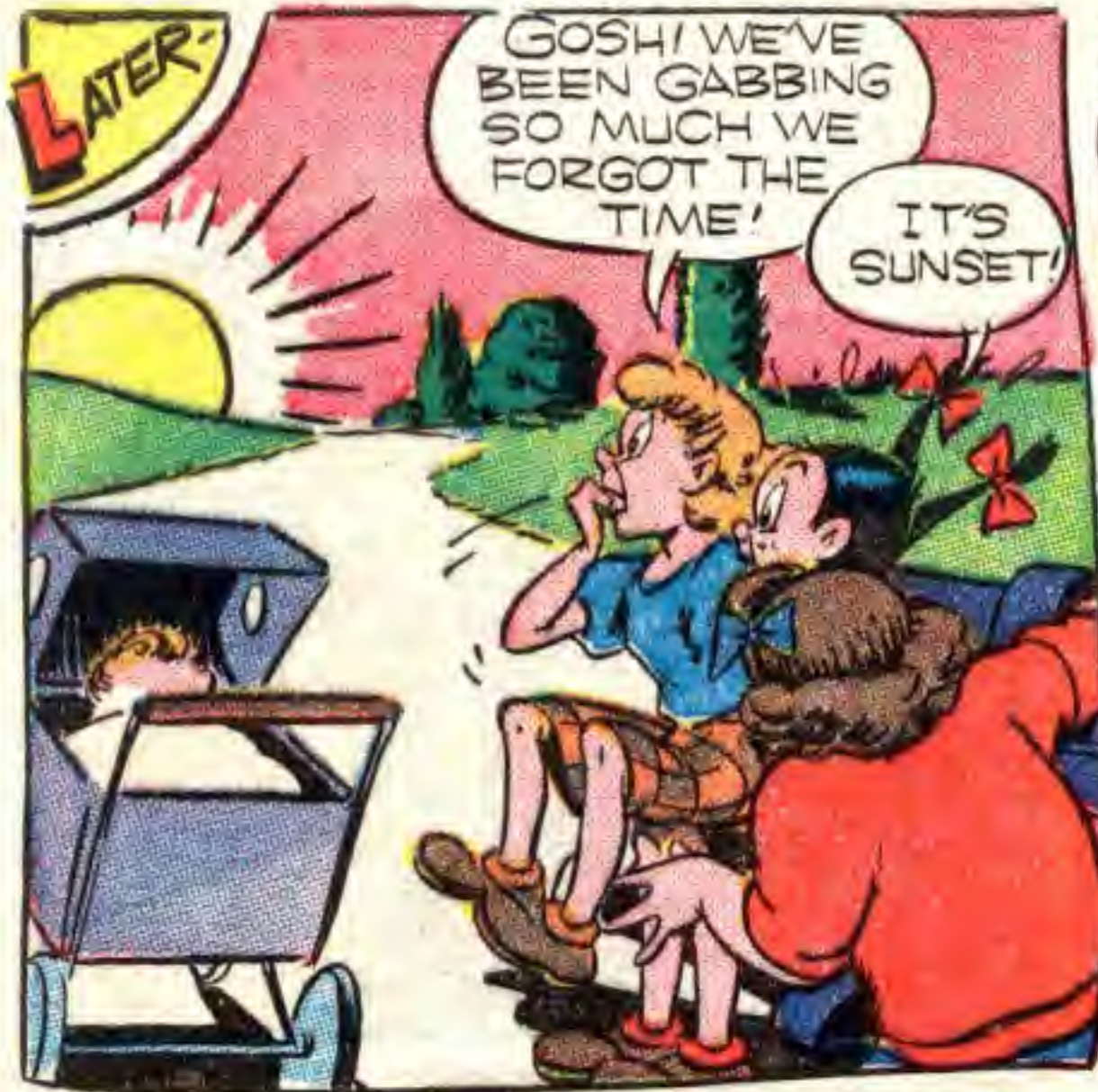
HI, KITTY, SEE YOU'RE WORKING TOO !!



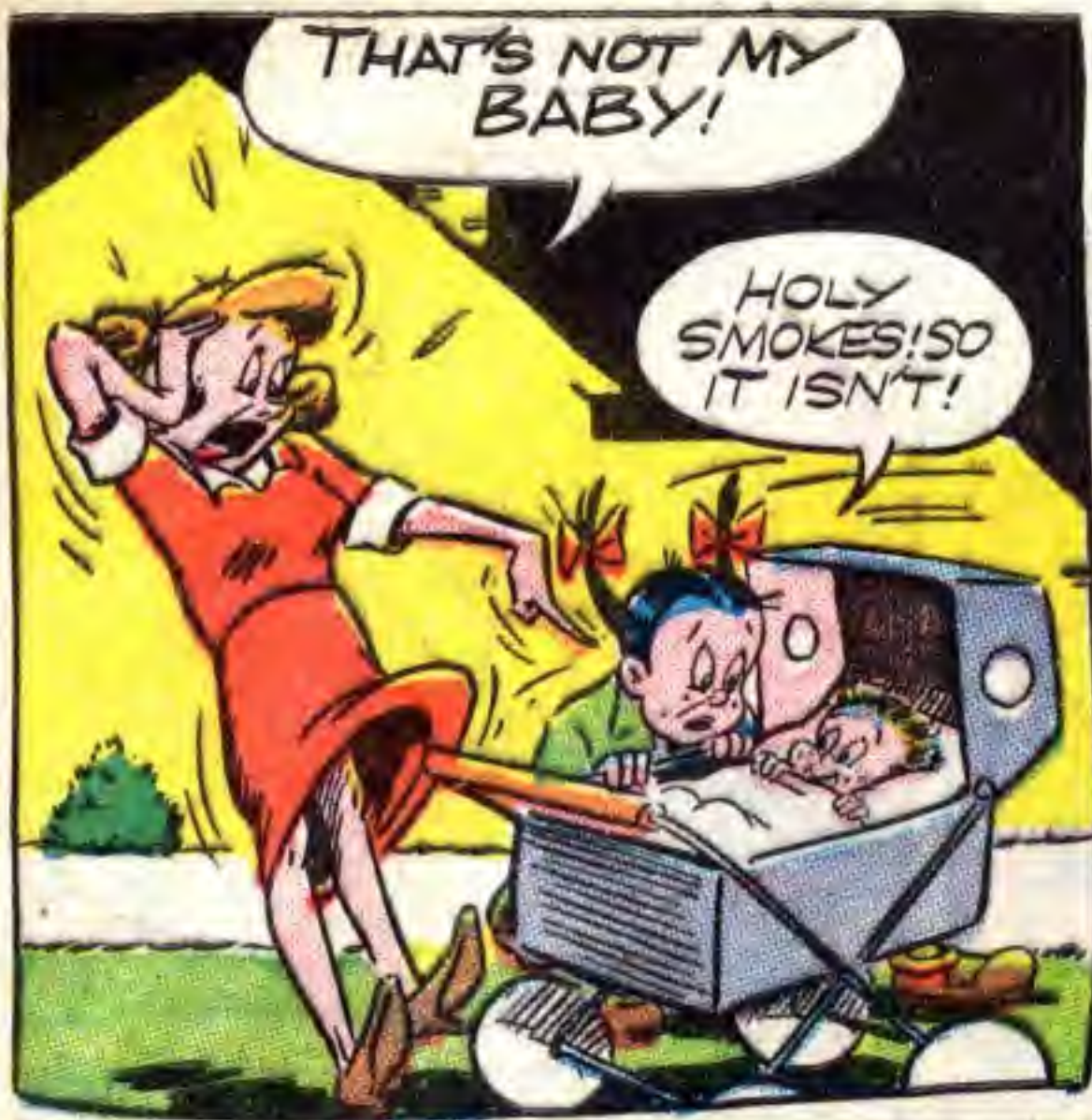




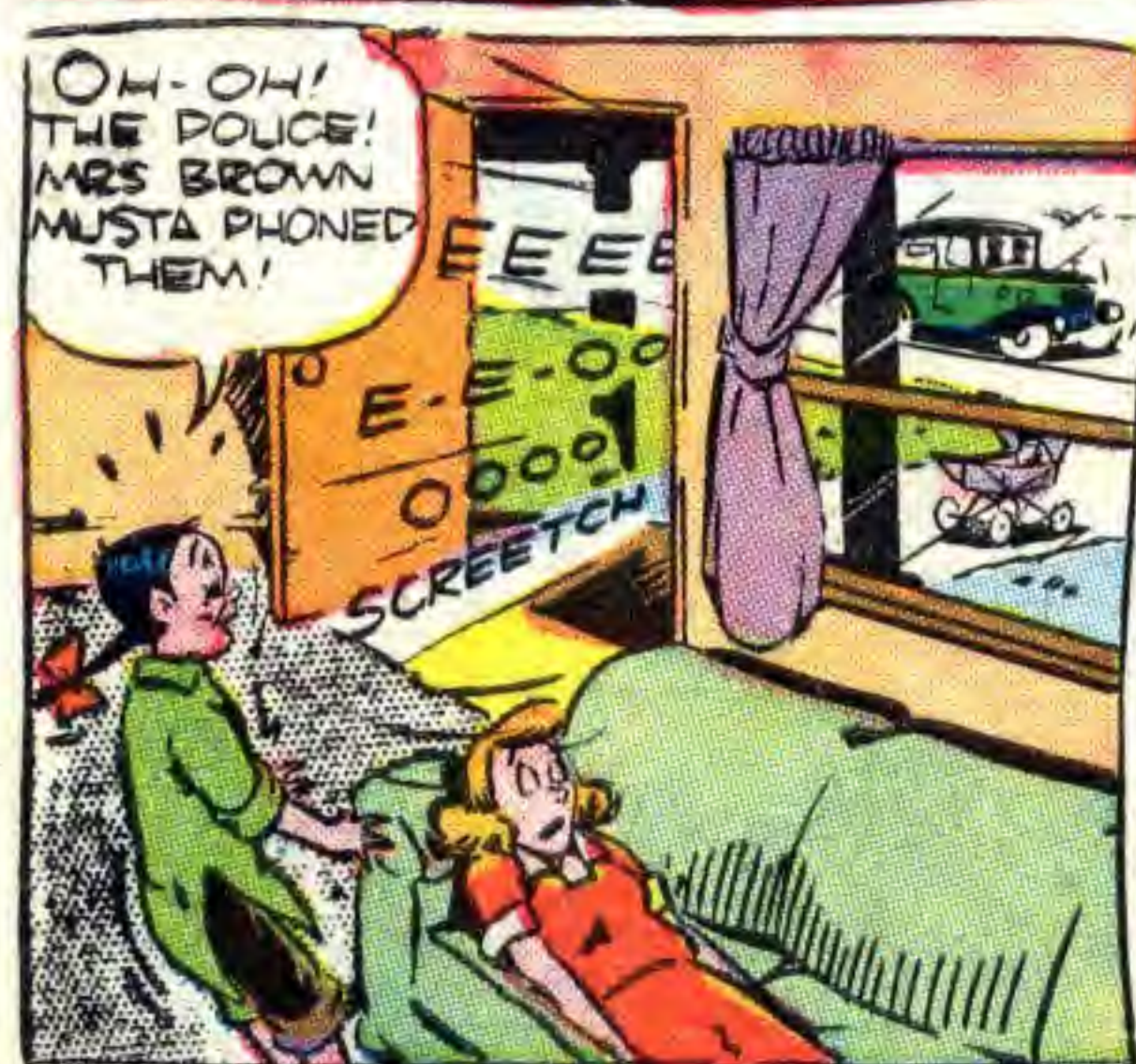
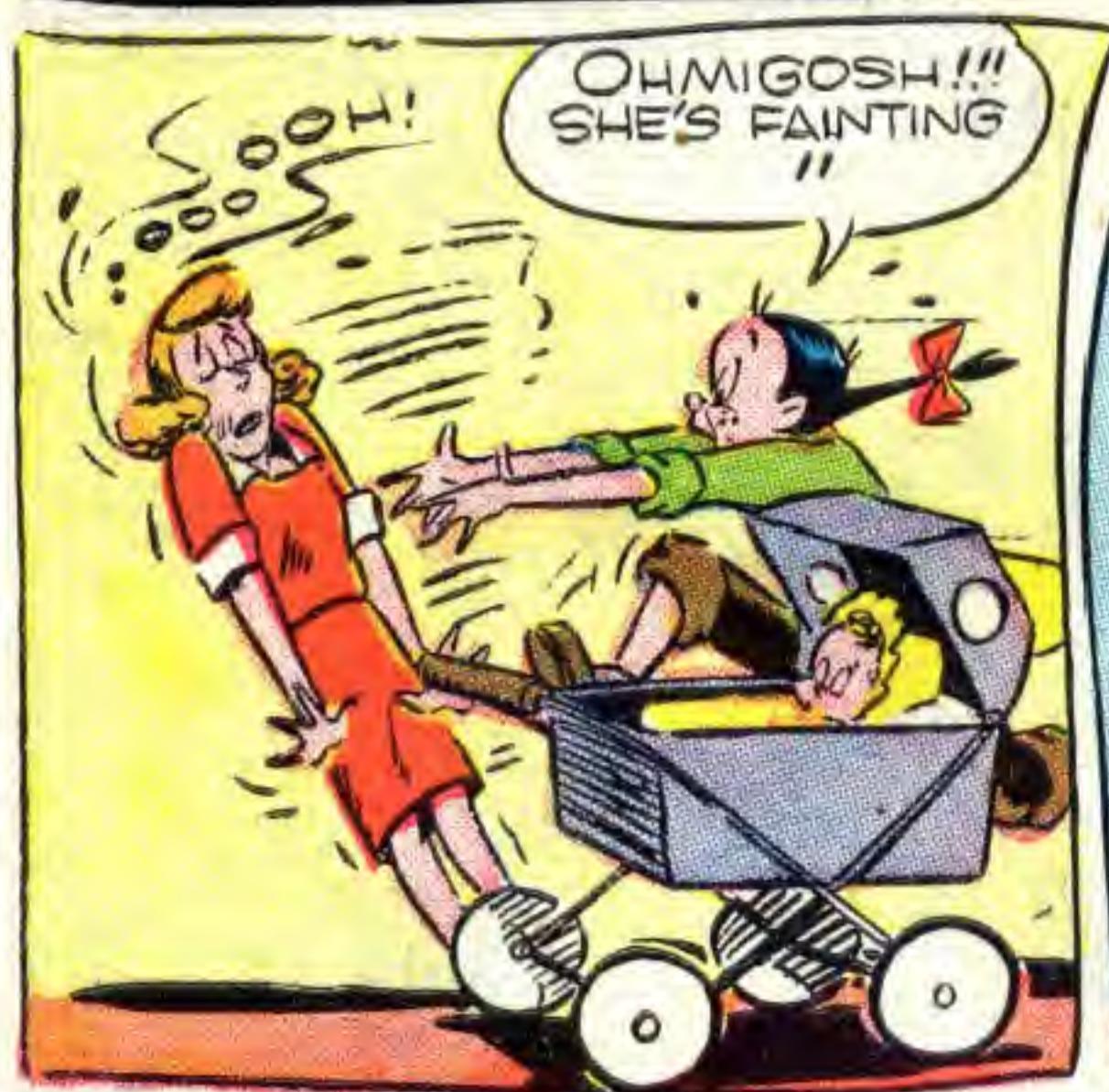
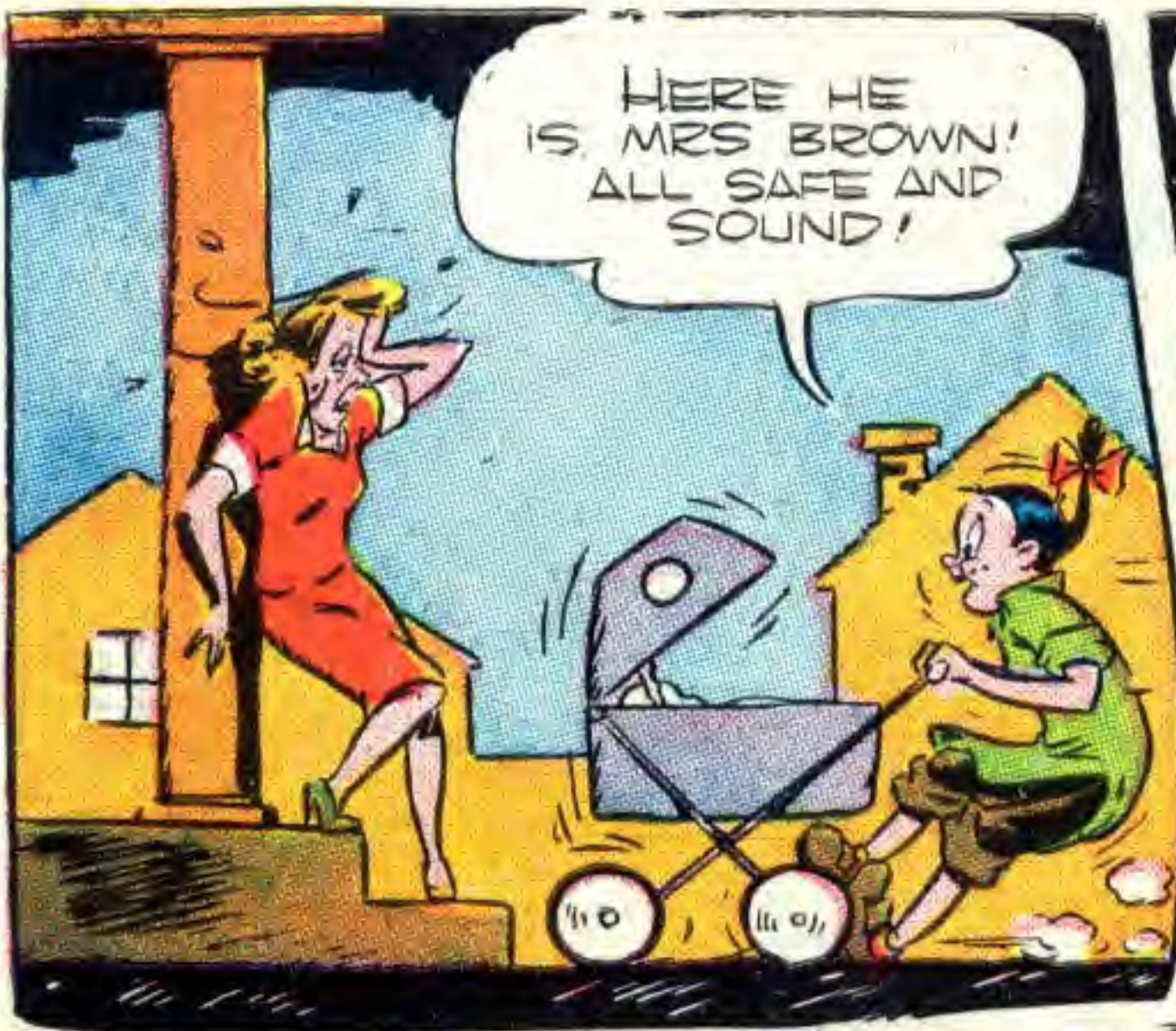






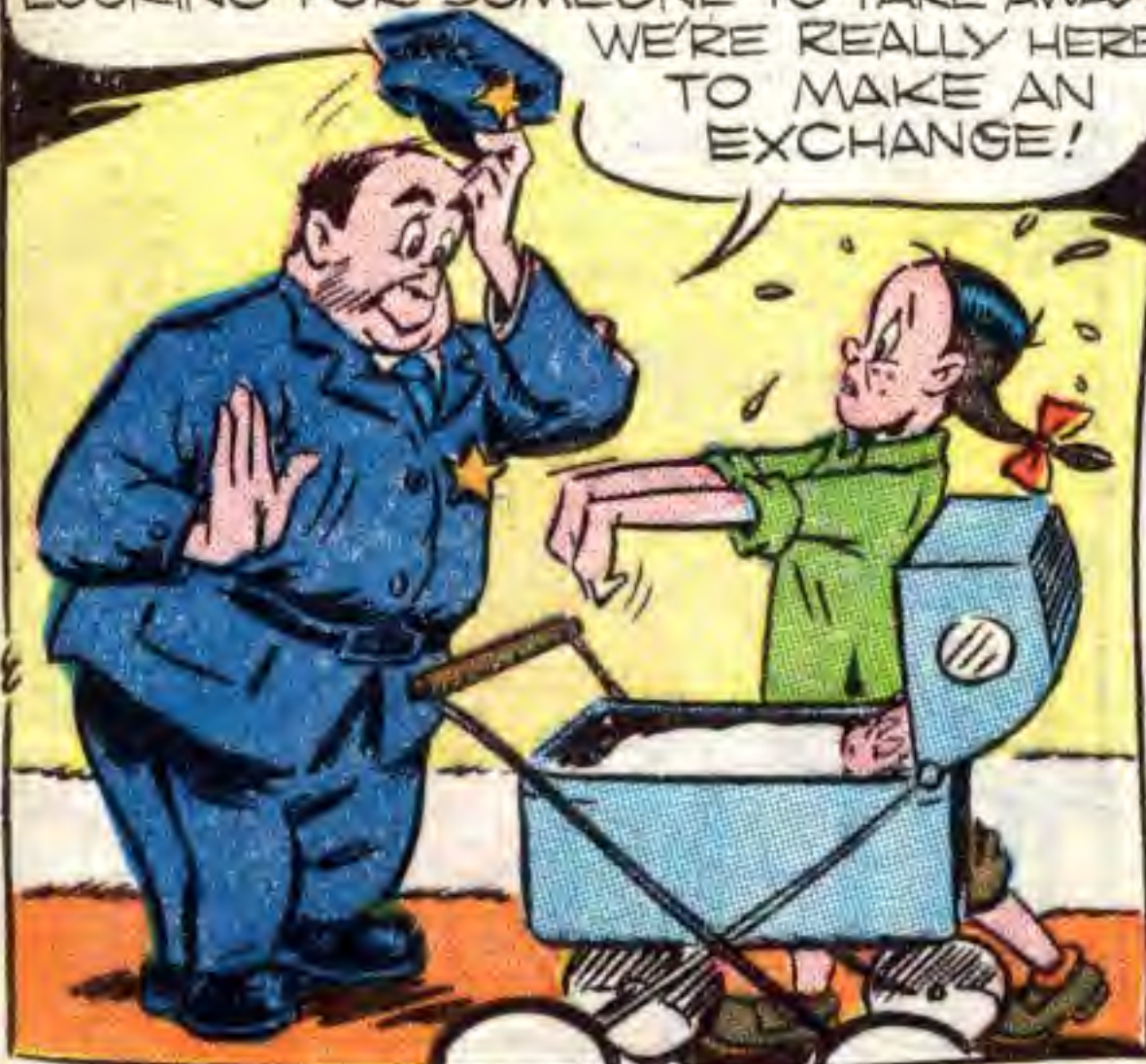








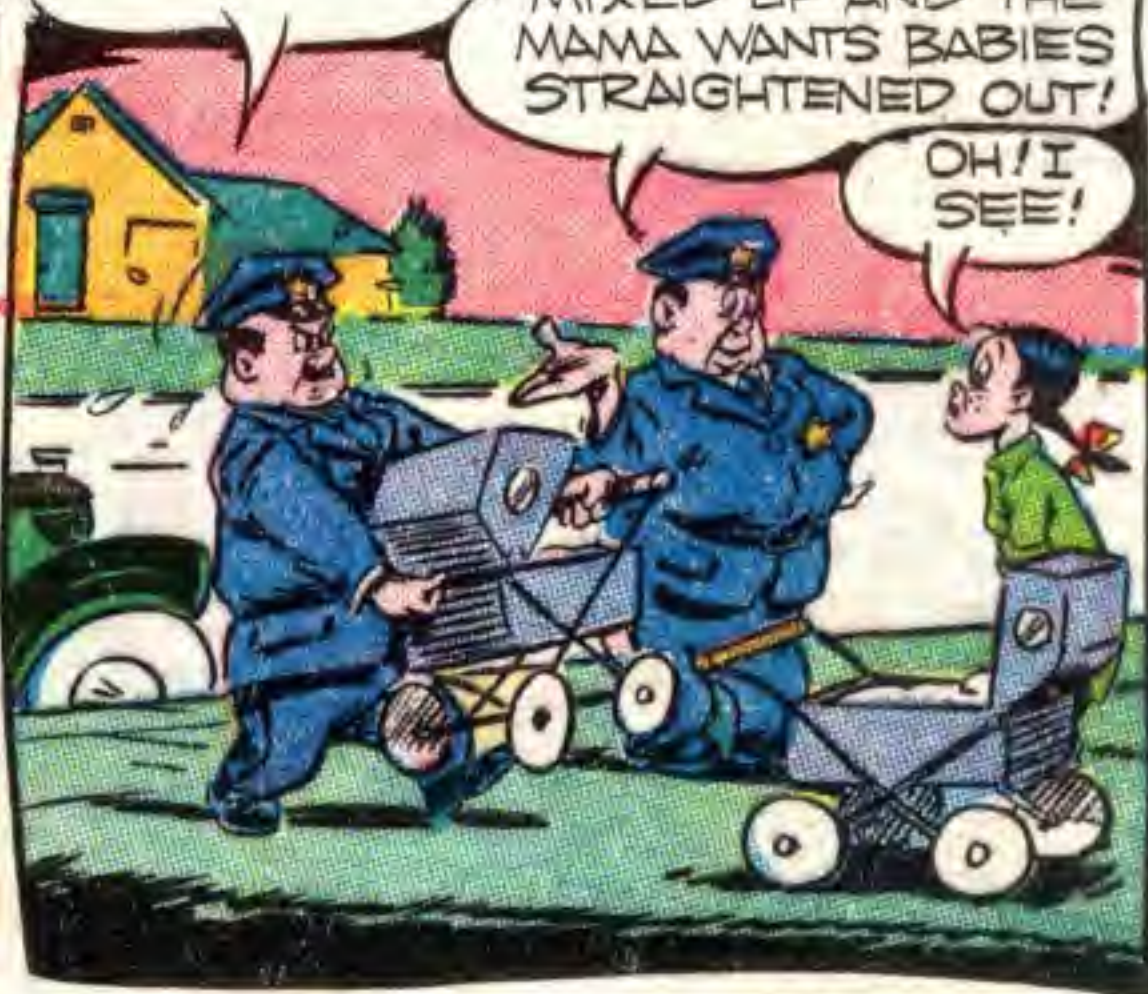
WELL NOW, MISS, WE WEREN'T EXACTLY  
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO TAKE AWAY!  
WE'RE REALLY HERE  
TO MAKE AN  
EXCHANGE!



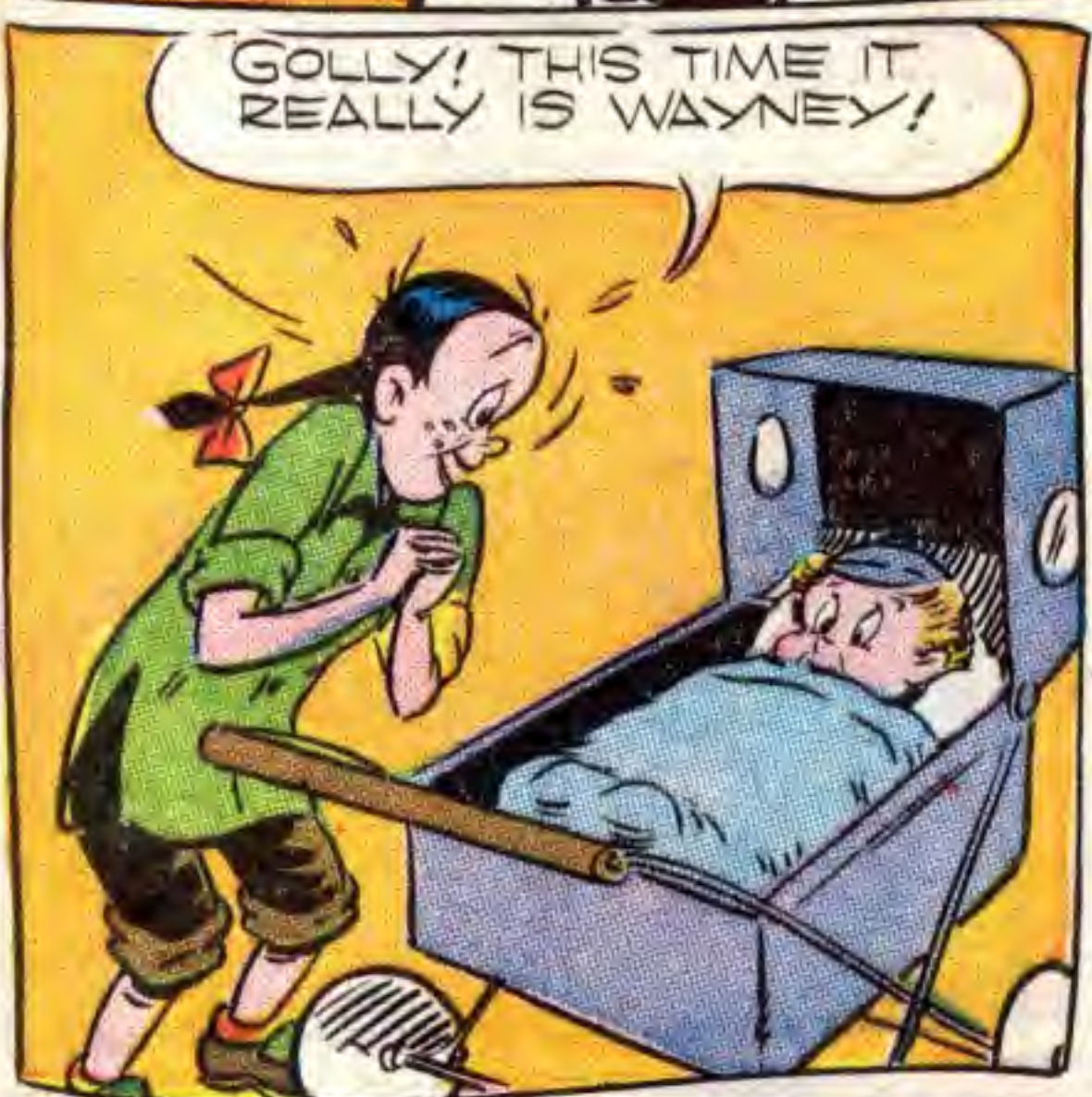
HERE'S THE  
KID AND THE  
BUGGY, HOGAN!

YOU SEE, SOME YOUNG  
LASSIE NAMED MABEL  
GOT BABY BUGGIES  
MIXED UP AND THE  
MAMA WANTS BABIES  
STRAIGHTENED OUT!

OH! I  
SEE!



GOLLY! THIS TIME IT  
REALLY IS WAYNEY!



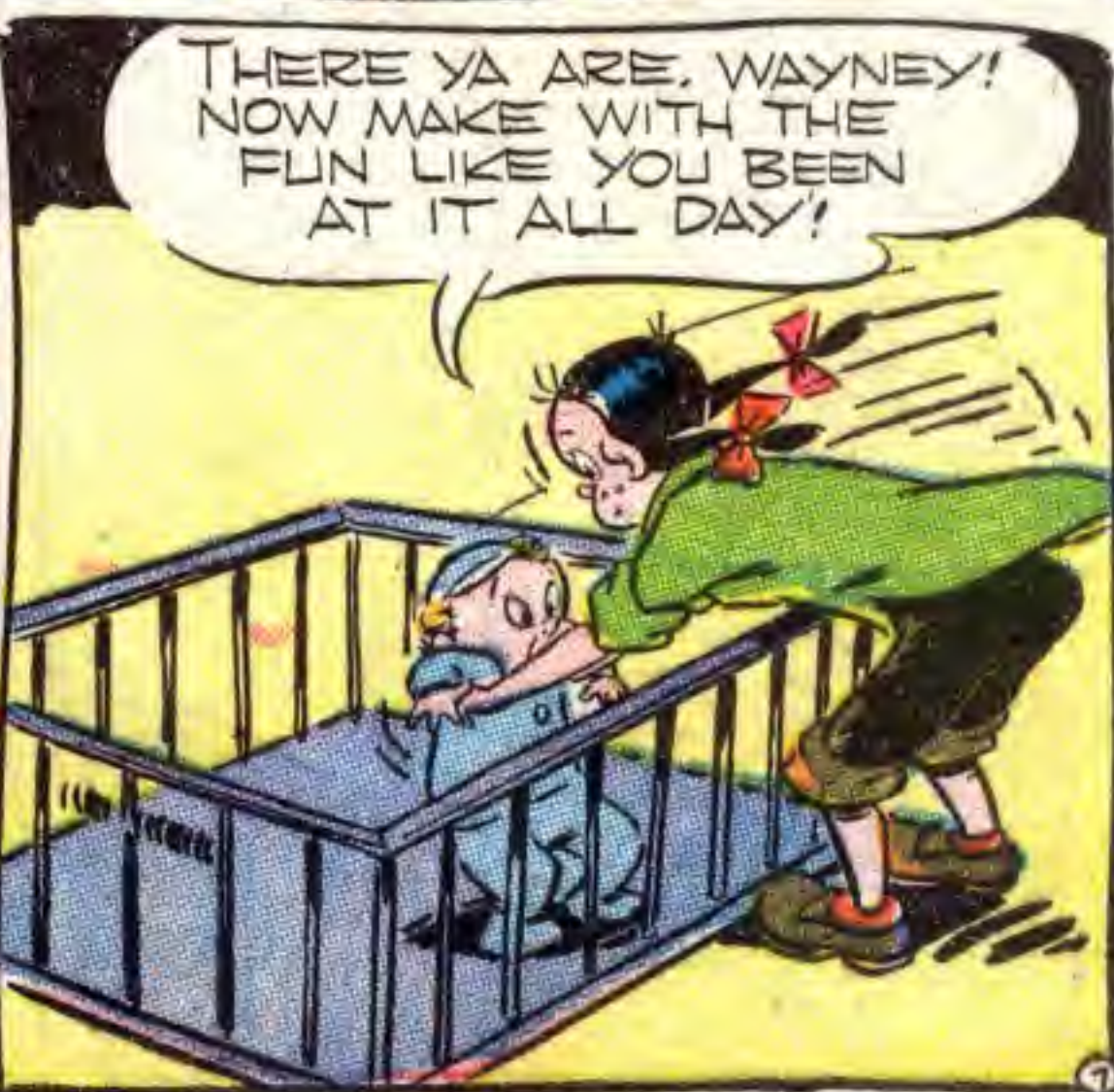
THANK YOU SO  
MUCH, MR. POLICEMAN!  
YOU'RE A DEAR,  
SWEET AN' HAN'SOME  
MAN!



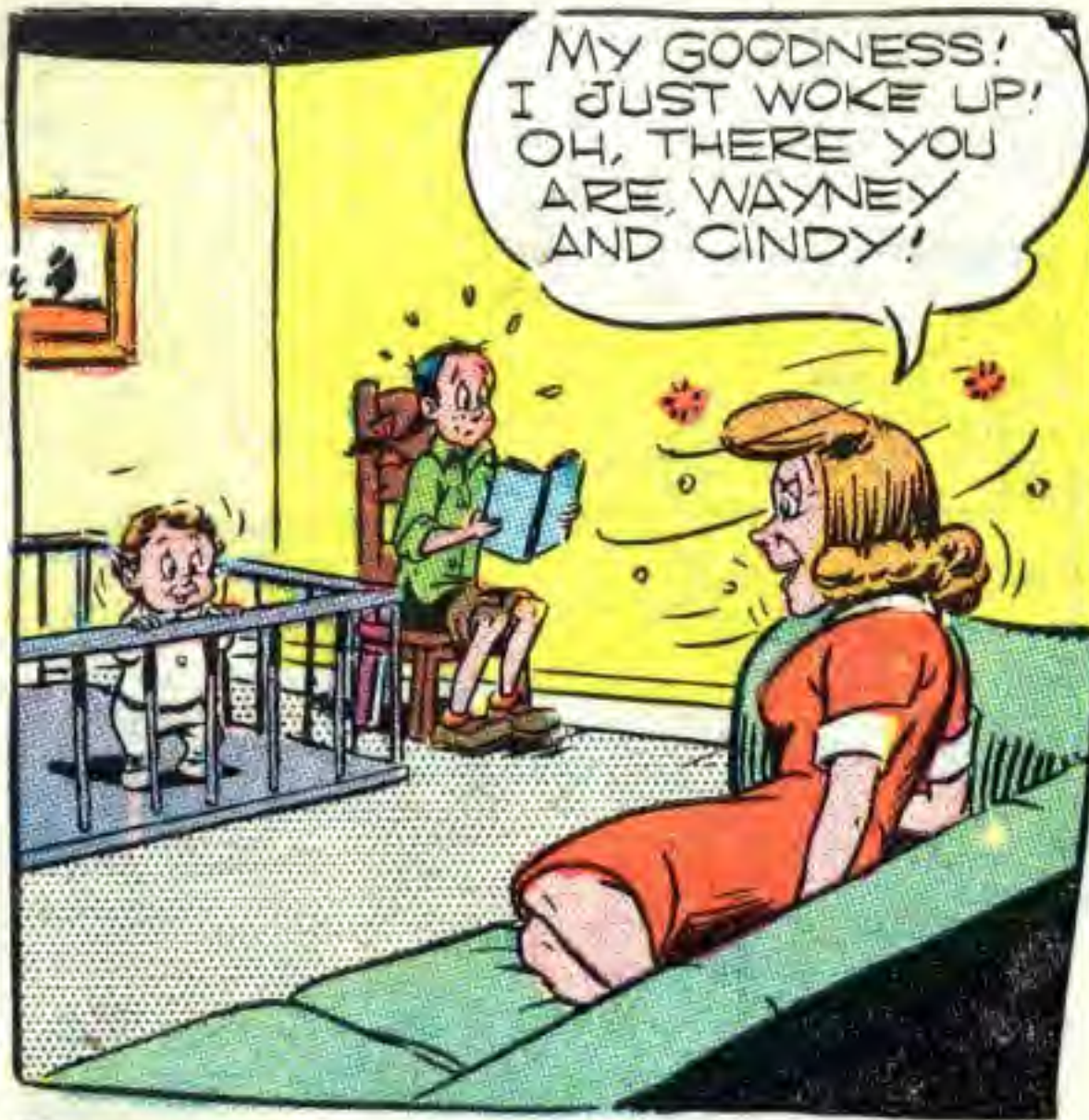
NOW TO PUT WAYNEY  
IN THE PLAY PEN BEFORE  
MRS. BROWN COMES TO!  
MAYBE THINGS'LL  
WORK OUT  
O.K.!



THERE YA ARE, WAYNEY!  
NOW MAKE WITH THE  
FUN LIKE YOU BEEN  
AT IT ALL DAY!







MY GOODNESS!  
I JUST WOKE UP!  
OH, THERE YOU  
ARE, WAYNEY  
AND CINDY!



MOMMIE'S LITTLE MAN IS  
SAFE AND SOUND! I HAD  
THE WORSTEST NIGHTMARE  
ABOUT YOU AND CINDY!  
THANK HEAVENS, IT WAS  
ONLY A DREAM!



GOOD NIGHT,  
CINDY! AND THANKS!



HELLO,  
MOMS!

WHY, CINDY,  
WHAT ON EARTH  
IS THE MATTER?  
ARE YOU ILL?



I WAS WATCHING  
LITTLE WAYNEY  
FOR MRS. BROWN,  
AND SHE HAD  
A NIGHTMARE--  
ONLY IT CAME  
TRUE BEFORE  
SHE HAD IT!  
WHICH SHE DIDN'T,  
CAUSE IT REALLY  
DID HAPPEN!

CINDY, HONEY,  
YOU JUST LET  
MOTHER TUCK  
YOU IN YOUR  
NICE WARM BED  
AND I'LL BRING  
YOU A BOWL OF  
HOT SOUP AND  
READ TO YOU!  
YOU'VE OVER-  
WORKED!!



GEE, MOM! YOU'RE THE  
BESTEST SITTER IN THE  
WHOLE WIDE WORLD, AND  
YOU WORK FOR FREE!  
I'M A LUCKY GIRL!!



Here's the Greatest **BILFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

# 4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only  
**\$1.98**

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
- ★ Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with  
Your Name, Address and  
Social Security Number

**YOU GET THIS!**  
Smart looking, beautifully  
styled Leather Billfold with  
Pass Case to hold membership  
and credit cards. Patented  
snap feature locks  
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COIN HOLDER  
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LEAVES

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VALUE**

**Smart  
STYLING**



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Chain in addition to the  
handy Coin Holder which is  
securely fastened to the  
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**YOU GET THIS!**  
A beautiful 3-color Emer-  
gency Identification Plate  
which carries your full name,  
address and Social Security  
Number. A perfect identi-  
fication record for you

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MY FULL NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$2.37).

• Social Security No. \_\_\_\_\_

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.





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A  
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Projector

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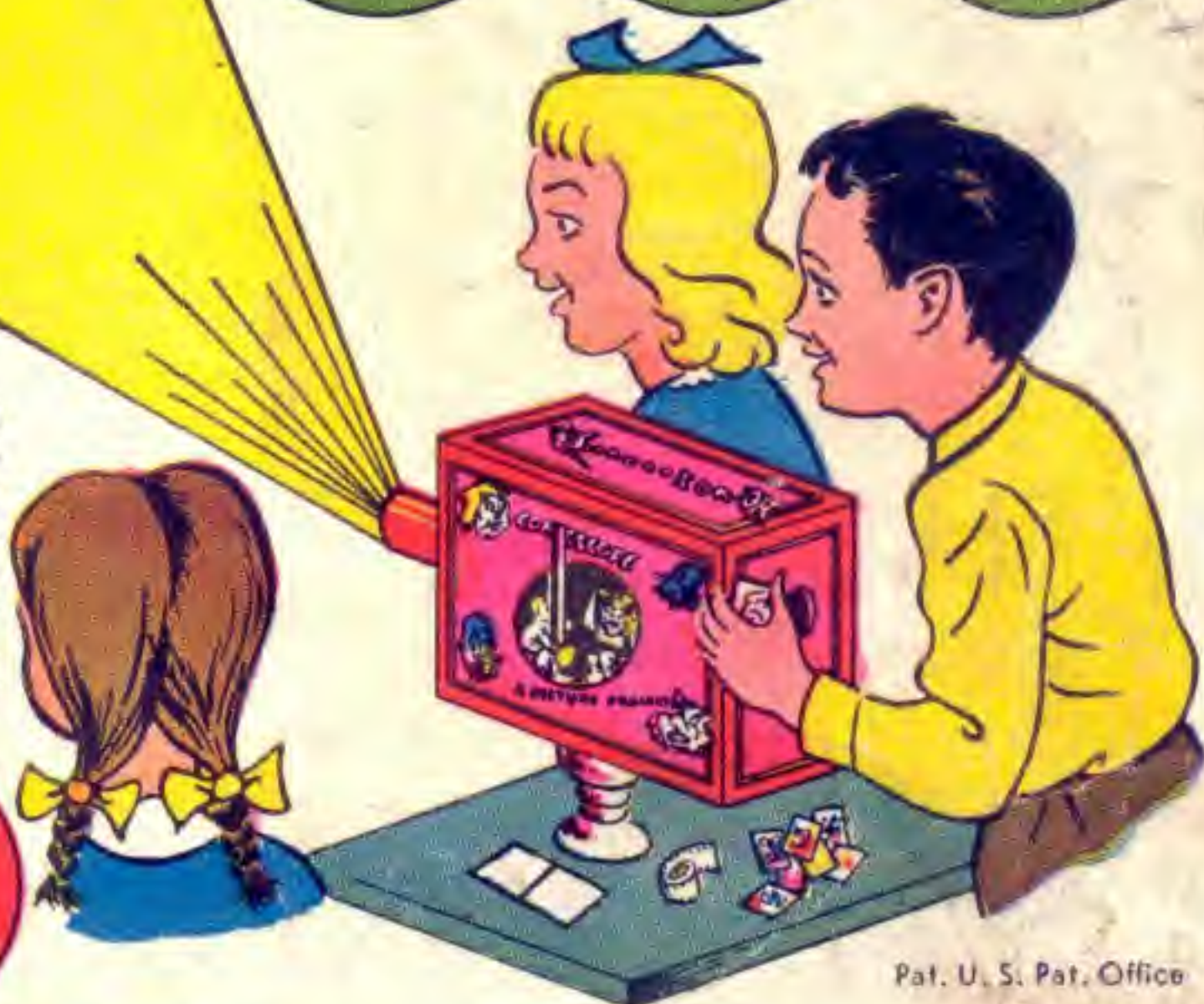
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